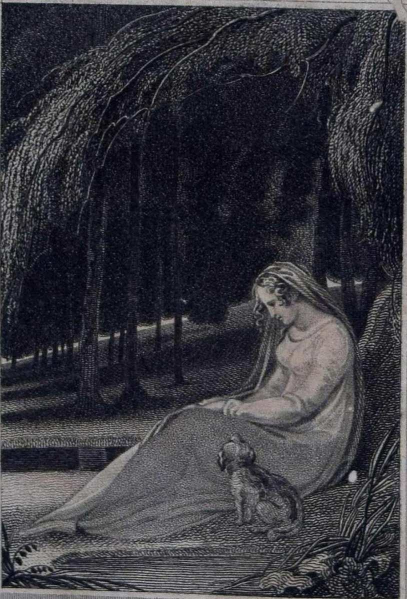

In secret her soul would complain

Page 23.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

THE WORKS OF PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Vol. IV.

805

Love h[illegible]rs my groan, and mocks my soul's despair
Page 89

LONDON;
Publish'd by J. Walker, Paternoster Row, and J. Harris, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Serfojee Rajah 1818
805

THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WITH

A COPIOUS INDEX.

To which is prefixed

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Walker; J. Johnson; J. Richardson; R. Faulder and Son; F. C. and J. Rivington; Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; R. Lea; J. Nunn; Cuthell and Martin; E. Jeffery; Lane, Newman, and Co.; Lackington, Allen, and Co.; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Cadell and Davies; Wilkie and Robinson; J. Booker; Black, Parry, and Kingsbury; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; J. Asperne; R. Scholey; and J. Harris.

1809.

ODES

TO

INS AND OUTS.

—————— *exulet aula*
Qui volet esse pius: Virtus et summa Potestas
Non coëunt.

LUCAN.

He who would gain Fame's good report,
Must have no dealings with a court.
Virtue and Power—*fair* and *foul* weather,
Were never known to *pig together*.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

VOL. IV.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ODES TO INS AND OUTS.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE most courtiers, from my soul!
Upon each other how they scowl!
Yet all *politeness*—*wonderful* good-nature—
Each tries to get the *first* employ,
By ev'ry engine *to destroy*,
Yet *bows*, and *smiles*, and still persists to *flatter*;
And when his rival he has sent to *hell*,
Kind whispers—'Sir, I hope I see you *well*.'

How like old Ocean, the old knave!
This moment placid, smooth, a bright expanse—
The next he thunders, raises every wave,
Roars, riots, tumbles, kicks up *such* a dance,
Booms o'er the ship with *such* a shock,
And heaves her on the fatal rock!

Within a little hour, one little hour,
No more his foamy billows tow'r,
But all so *crouching*, *humble*, *gentle*, rot 'em!
With timid motion they advance,
Seem *sorry* for the *sad mischance*,
And, winding round the wreck, they *kiss its bottom*.

Reader, didst ever scald thy mouth with *custard?*
Then thou hast curs'd it twenty times, or more.
Or dist thou ever to a *cat* give *mustard?*
If so, grimalkin scratch'd, and spit, and swore.

Thus at my rhimes our courtiers swear and spit,
Ready to slay me—tear me bit by bit.—

I dearly love to hitch the rogues in *rhime*,
And tell the world each various crime;
And folly too, ah, often felt and seen!
Indeed the act of many a court
Would yield the nation charming sport,
And chase the gloomy cloud of spleen;
But that this folly mingles with *much harm*—
Aye, there's the rub!—the rub, too, to *alarm*.

But, sirs, I'll have my thoughts, and speak them too,
In spite of ministerial chains:
If a court scoundrel meet my view,
I'll laugh at penalties and pains;
Smile at the ribbands that their shoulders deck,
And wish them good tight ropes about the neck.

I'll *have* my thoughts, and *print* them too,
Ev'n should there be an *imprimatur;*
Sing *what* is *what*, and who is who,
And, *independent*, scorn to *flatter*.

There *may* be ministerial chains,
Not only for the tongue, but *brains:*
The time *may* come when ministerial sway
Makes despotism the order of the day—
Still will I talk and write as I think fit,
Whether man *John* be Addington or Pitt.

ODE II.

TO THE K—.

Written immediately on Mr. Pitt's Retreat from Administration.

AN'T please your m——y, I'm very glad,
And so are all of us (of late so sad),
That you have thrown the Jonas overboard,
See! see the drowning cat! he spreads his claws!
Quickly, for God's sake, sir, chop off his paws!—
He dies, by not a *single sigh* deplor'd.
To Davy Jones's locker let him go,
And with old Neptune *booze* below—
Bad stuff though, Neptune's *mawkish brine!*
He'd rather *touch* Dundas's *wine*.

Pitt, sir, has been a shocking steward,
And made us all, poor creatures, chew hard:
We scarce can put a *mouse* into the pot;
And yet he leaves behind, I fear,
Something that will not *touching* bear,
Like powder of a post that has the *rot*.
And Fame each day sings louder, sir, and louder,
'State-pillars will be made of this same powder.'
Now rotten wood, according to my *nouse*,
Is bad material to support a house.

Pitt deem'd himself an *eagle*—what a *flat!*
What *was* he?—a poor wheeling, fluttering *bat*—
An imp of darkness—busy catching *flies!*

Here, there, up, down, off, on—shriek, shriek—snap,
His gaping mouth a very lucky trap, [snap—
Quick seizing for his hungry maw—supplies.

Pitt makes, 'tis true, a monstrous noise—
He who's seduc'd must be besotted.
The sound may fright the ears of boys—
A cannon's thunder, but not *shotted*.

No farmer with more true delight
E'er saw a saucy, soaring kite
Fetch'd by a leaden messenger to ground,
Than we, when majesty thought fit,
And *wisely* too, to humble Pitt,
Headlong into the gulf profound,
Sunk him to hell—at least *his lowest* hell,
Where pride's prick'd bladder could no longer swell.

No farmer with a greater glee
Beholds a dying fox than we
Mark'd the last struggles of poor Billy Pitt.
On every visage see a smile!
Joy triumphs through the echoing isle!
Upon his name Posterity shall spit.

Poor banish'd Liberty again
To Britain's fair and wide domain,
Shall bring her throne, her sacred throne:
The voice that long has learnt to mourn,
Shall hail with rapture her return,
And change for sounds of joy the hopeless groan.

Well, sire, whatever be th' event,
You do things with the best intent;
Distress'd when Fortune mars a patriot plan:
And know, each true-born Briton sings,
'Health and long life to virtuous kings!
We love the master, but detest the *man*.'

POSTSCRIPT.

Sire! if your majesty so please,
And, sire, it may be done with ease,
I'll make a bargain.—Keep out Pitt for ever,
My song shall be the song of praise;
To kings an *altar* will I raise,
And never tear it down—no, never, never.
And, should it please th' Almighty to take Pye,
Sire, I'm your *bard*—your *laureat*—I—yes, I!

I think this must be *some temptation*,
Considering my *vast* reputation.

ODE III.

TO LORD H——Y.

SWEET is the Muse's voice to *me!*
Nothing so clever, nought *more mighty*,
For taking from the heart *ennui*,
The spleen, blue devils, *tædium vitæ*.
Sweet also is the sweet Cremona's tongue,
Making the hours dance merrily along.

But, ah! not sweet, indeed, to *me*,
Are sounds in Parliament *from thee:*
Through my whole frame such *torpors* creep—
I stretch, gape, yawn, and fall asleep.

Surely our men of *worship* should be *wise*,
Think deeply, and with speech *surprise:*
But titles only the mad million *hails!*
Just like bird-fanciers, heedless of the *song*,
Who ask *whose feathers* to the birds belong,
That, bashaw-like, gain glory by their *tails*

Thou deem'st thyself a first-rate ship of war—
Inform one, H—k'sb—y, art thou *mad?*
What says each honest, grinning tar?
'O, d—n my eyes! this is too bad!'
Then flings his *quid* away, and raves,
'A *goose-feather* upon the waves!'

Now let me own, Jack's *cat* is much too *smart:*
'Mid the loud storm, and on the ocean's swell,
H—k'sb—y, I'll tell thee truly what thou *art*—
A simple cockle-shell!
Slipp'd from a stubborn rock into the sea.—
'Ah!' thou exclaimest, '*who's* that stubborn rock?
I wonder *who* that rock can be!'
Pitt! Pitt!—Lord, thou art stupid as a stock!

H—k'sb—y, amid this boisterous gale,
Since thou art mounted upon high,
On pinion wild, with dauntless eye,
Let me instruct thee with a tale.
'Tis of an owl,
A *solemn* fowl,
And very much conceited—much like *thee:*
Excuse this quaker-proneness to be *free.*

AN Owl, a bachelor of no great soul,
Nor intellect, but very, very proud,
The tenant of a little dirty hole,
Wish'd from obscurity to clear the cloud:
Yes, owl must have his sails unfurl'd,
And mount majestic on the world.

Close to his ivy-house liv'd Crow,
Who on his errands us'd to go.
'Crow,' said the Owl, upon a day,
'Im sick of solitude and gloom:
A bird of my deep sense and plume
Should *mount* amid the blaze of day.
In short, dear crow, I wish to w[illegible]l,
And, mind me, take unto my be[illegible]

A bird of *birth*, the Eagle's daughter,
Miss Eaglet!'—'Ah!' replied the Crow,
Ready to split his sides with laughter,
'Indeed! and are things really *so?*
Right, sir, to alter your condition—
O Lord! there's nothing like *ambition!*'

'Well, Crow, you'll quickly seek the realms above,
With my proposals to the bird of Jove.'

Crow takes his leave, ascends the skies,
And to the Eagle's palace flies
The black ambassador from Owl;
Delivers his credentials to his grace,
With Auckland's diplomatic face,
Conceiving, like a *penetrating* fowl,
How politics would go *above*;
What answer leave the bird of Jove.

Thus spake the royal bird:—'Sir Crow,
To my Lord Owl be pleas'd to go,
And tell him that I like the match:
I'm much oblig'd to him, indeed,
For honouring the Eagle breed:
I've been a good while on the watch
To throw a *little lustre* round my house:
Commend me to the thunderbolt of mouse.

'Miss Eaglet is at his command—
Shall join his lordship in the straw;
Who such alliance cannot well withstand;
Happy to take him by the *claw*.
Bid him ascend *sans cérémonie—free*,
And *pick his mouse* to-day with *me*.

Off flew at once the sable fowl,
And quickly reach'd the house of Owl,
And told him all that he had seen and heard.
Owl instant comb'd, and wash'd his face,
Cut all his claws to *such* a grace,
Trimm'd all his feathers nicely—clipp'd his beard;

Bid to his humble hole good-night,
And rose amid the realms of light.

Mounted a mile or two, behold,
The sun's bright blaze of burnish'd gold
Flash'd on the owl's poor weak and watering eyes;
Just like a paper-kite, whose string
Deserting, leaves him on the wing,
To totter, dip, mount, fall again, and rise;
So shuffled Owl, lost, reeling, blind,
The sport of every gust of wind,
Till down he fell with phiz of woe,
The jest of ev'ry bird below.

Now, H—k'sb—y, tell the man of rhime,
How feelest thou *thy* flight sublime?
Thy weak eyes seem already *winking*.
Poor bird! I fear 'tis quickly over!
Yes, yes, already I discover
Symptoms of *sinking*.

Pitt's mouth may make a little blast—
The paper-kite comes down *at last*,
And sharply watching are we all;
And when laid flat upon the ground,
Thy *paper stuff* we shall surround,
And make us merry at thy fall!

Remember *Icarus's* height—
Perhaps the observation *stings*;
Thou shouldst have ask'd, before thy flight,
Dame Wisdom *for a pair of wings*.

ODE IV.

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PRAY, Mister Addington, *go out*—
Your *change* on madness seems to border.
You're a good school-mistress, no doubt,
To keep the *noisy brats* in order.
But to be *minister!*—God bless ye!
Why, what the devil could possess ye?

Pray, Mister Addington, *go out*,
And let some *abler* man come in—
Such child's play!—What are ye about?
The nation's really in a grin!
And yet it ought *to cry*, Heav'n knows!
So nearly going to the crows?

Good Mister Addington, *go out*—
Go calmly out, nor make a pudder;
And don't, like Grenville, push your snout
Beneath the good old state-cow's udder.
Poor beast! *she* can't thy thirst supply!
Pitt's *famish'd calves* have suck'd her *dry*.

And hear me, sir—learn some small wit—
Don't be the dirty tool of Pitt:
Think on a tale—the monkey and the cat.
Chesnuts were roasting in the fire:
Jack's jaws both water'd with desire;
He begs Miss Puss to lend her pretty pat;
Then handy, as the handiest stoker,
He makes her velvet paw a *poker*—
And stirs away at *such a rate!*

Puss squalls—but what is that to Pug?
He holds poor Miss Grimalkin snug,
And gets the chesnuts from the grate:
Jack grins—indulges his rogue jaws—
Puss goes in mourning for her claws.

Now Mister Chancellor will say I *squint;*
That as to my surmise there's nothing in't:
Now, Mister Chancellor, I call no names;
But lo! the father of reform
Will take you by persuasion, or by storm,
And put your pretty fingers in the *flames.*

He wants *that organ* in your mouth called *tongue;*
And, like an *organ* in the house of God,
With deep-ton'd energy, divinely strong,
That fills with holy awe the dread abode:
He wishes yours to stun Saint Stephen's sphere,
And get him some ten thousand pounds a year!

Yes, you must thunder for a pension!
For services of *high pretension;*
For him who, lab'ring with the happiest pains,
Sav'd England's life by *dashing out her brains!*

ODE V.

TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

FORC'D from affairs of state, George Rose,
With pretty treasury pickings, goes;
In humble hut, on Scotia's plains,
To feast upon his *honest* gains.

Thus with a dainty heap of apples,
With teeth and claws, a hedge-hog grapples,

The epicure, and eats his fill:
  Yet on the heap behold him roll,
  And loaded steal into his hole,
A golden pippin on each quill.—
  Thus loaded, into Scotland goes
  Ex-secrétaire George Hedge-hog Rose.

Fed like a horse in a king's stable,
George didst thou happy rise from table,
As Horace says, '*Uti conviva satur?*'
I really think 'twas no such matter.

  Forc'd from the ven'son of the state;
  Forc'd to desert a well-cramm'd plate;
Forc'd from the trifles, and the jelly;
  Forc'd from the thousand sweet *nick-nackeries*,
  Prettily made by state-cook quackeries,
To fill each crevice of thy bloated belly—
  Looking a downright foot-ball by its tumour,
  I think thou gottest up in a bad humour—
  Yes, George, thy stomach it is such,
  It thinks it cannot have *too much*.

  Yet, why art thou not dubb'd a lord,
  To rise with *lustre* from the board,
As *title* much the vulgar world bewitches?
  Then mayst thou seek the barren heath,
  Or dell, where first thou drewest breath,
And blaze the jack o'-lantern of the ditches!

  Joan Jenkinson, and Madge, and Bet,
  And Peg, and Nan, a *sav'ry* set,
Have ris'n to *ladyship* in this kind reign:
  They ride to court, obtain a smile,
  Make dips and curtsies all *in style*,
And carry off kind *nods* from q— and k—.
  Now this was all old Jenky's doing,
  By dint of labour and court-wooing.

  Hast thou not too some poor relations
  Wishing to change their ragged stations,

And on the bright court hemisphere be *stars?*
 If *favour* will not gain it—*buy*,
 And hoist thy cousin Joans on high,
Upon the *virtuous* plunder of our wars.

 Sure, thou mayst do all this with ease,
 As honours are as thick as fleas,
Pitching on *this* man's shoulder, now on *that*.
 As Heraldry has wondrous charms,
 Heard shall *invent* a coat of arms,
And to a tiger turn a *mangy* cat.

ODE VI.

WHEN Pitt was out of office push'd,
 What horror smote the levee mob!
Mad into street of Downing rush'd
 His minions, always ready for a *job*:

 A most obsequious *stud* of hacks,
 Who bore him on their humble backs
Through *dirty lanes*, through thick and thin
 No matter what the object, no;
 When Pitt *commands—it must be so*;
Whether to *clothe* the naked realm, or *skin*.

 Muse, would it be too harsh to say,
 The tumult on that kick-out day
Was mob-like at a house on fire;
 Where *friends*, amid the conflagration,
 With a kind thief-acceleration,
Whip off the goods they guarded by *desire?*

 Unfeeling as a stone, or harder,
 In rush'd Lord G——— to the larder,
Caught up a goose for self and wife,

In ran Dundas with hungry paunch,
Snatch'd up a turbot and a haunch:
In bounc'd Charles Long, and, with his butcher's
knife,
(For in the plunder *he* must also join),
And cut off slices from a fat *sirloin.*

In scamper'd Wyndham—'Where's *my* share?
I *must* be partner in the spoils:'
Then up he caught an old jack hare,
A *proper* present for his toils.

'*I* must have something,' Canning cries,
And fastens on some rich mince-pies,
As dext'rous as the rest to rifle:
Ecod! and he must something do
For *mother* and for *sisters* too,
So steals some syllabubs and *trifle.*

But where was Justice all the while,
That things were going off *in style?*
Poor gentlewoman! she was gagg'd and bound;
Her even scales, alas! abhorr'd,
In pieces broken with her sword;
Nor were the fasces to be found.

Some syllabubs and trifle.] With a ministerial fortune by matrimony; with *sinecures*, &c. to a large amount, squeezed from the vitals of the nation; this *modest* and *generous youth* could not *afford* to yield his poor *mother*, Mistress Hunn, *alias* Mistress Reddish, *alias* Mistress Canning, a *pittance.*—No! the kingdom must be *saddled* with five hundred pounds a year for her *support*. *Such* is the *laudable* distribution of public treasure! Such are the depositaries of the national confidence! and of *such* we are *ordered* not to *complain*, for fear of the imputation of *jacobinism!!!*

Such were the *guardians* of the state,
Just like a shoal of sharks who swam in,
With maws as wide as the park gate,
To save (by eating us) from *famine!*

ODE VII.

POSSESS but *faith*, 'twill move a mountain:
Thus says the Bible, the great fountain,
The sacred fountain of immortal truth.
There are who say that Billy Pitt
In this dear war has shown his wit—
Lord! what a statesman!—what a clever youth!
Keen as the keenest eagle's view,
There's *nothing* that he cannot do.

Yes, have a portion of credulity,
And claw a pyramid, you'll pull it t' ye.

Credulity's a pretty sand
To blind the people of the land:
O yes, it blinds weak women, and weak men,
Much like the sand that boys, in fun,
Fire from an engine called a *gun*,
To knock down a poor humming-bird, or wren.

THE DOCTORS;

A TALE.

A fellow troubled with the itch
(Like courtier-men) of getting rich,
And learning that a doctor (not a *quack*),
By means of a most potent pill,
Did verily and truly fill
Full many a time with gold his sack—

Resolv'd, by pill, to make a fortune too,
So set about it without more ado.

Hoist but the standard, folks will come,
With heads as empty as the *drum*.
The quack puffs off his pill—none doubt him:
A bumpkin came among the rest,
And thus the man of pill addrest:

'*Zur*, hearing what is come to pass,
That your fine pill hath cur'd the king,
And able to do every thing,
D'ye think, *zur*, that 't will make me vind my ass?
I've lost my ass, *zur*, zo should like to try it:
If this be your opinion, *zur*, I'll buy it.'

'Undoubtedly!' the quack replied,
'Yes, Master Hob, it should be tried:'
Then down Hob's gullet, cure or kill,
The grand impostor push'd the pill.
Hob paid his fee, and off he went;
And trav'lling on about an hour,
His bowels sore with pains were rent:
Such was the pill's *surprising* pow'r.

No longer able to contain,
Hob, in a hurry left the lane:
How decent!—what can decency surpass?
And sought the grove—where Hob's two eyes,
Wide staring, saw with huge surprise
His long-ear'd servant Jack, his ass!
Ye gods! how happy was the meeting!
Hob kissing Jack, and Jack, Hob greeting.

'Adzooks! a lucky pill!' quoth Hob:
'Yes, yes, the pill hath done the job.'
Pill grew the subject of the village tattle:
At last it gain'd a heap of fame;
Not only good for *blind* and *lame*,
But good, too, for recovering all *stray'd cattle.*

Now ponder well, ye parents dear—
Pitt's no *catholicon*, I fear:
Pitt is a violent *cathartic*,
Creating very grievous gripes
(In butcher phrase) among our *tripes*,
Making the stomach, head, and heart sick:

Producing much evacuation
Unto a poor consumptive nation,
That wants *restoratives* called *pounds*,
To give her strength, and heal her wounds.

Though *clever* in his Treasury *rostrum*,
Pitt never yet possess'd a *nostrum*
For bringing *all stray'd millions* back again:
The guineas he sent out, we find,
Were like so many beetles blind,
Rambling the Lord knows where, like show'rs of rain,
Making the German regions smile,
Instead of Albion's famish'd isle.

THE HEDGE-HOGS;

A FABLE.

THE hedge-hogs in a war most fatal,
A war commenc'd with the dog-nation,
Like us, unlucky, losing each land-battle,
And trembling all for their salvation,
Agreed to furnish contribution,
With patriotic resolution,
As much as every hedge-hog could afford:
One of the tribe, no hedge-hog sutler,
An Elwes or a Sir John Cutler,
And master of a comfortable hoard,
Affected to be scarcely worth a crown,
Therefore unable to *come down*.

The hedge-hog council sent to let him know
The tide could never be so *low* :

'Enter my house, and be convinc'd,' quoth *he*.
The messenger stepp'd in, and pry'd about:
Appearances left not a doubt—
Of wealth a vestige not a soul could see :
In full conviction then they left the door:
''Squire Hedge-hog certainly is very poor.'

As from the door, the humble door
Of our 'Squire Hedge-hog all *so poor*,
Fully convinc'd, they pass'd along ;
A hillock of fresh earth appear'd,
Seeming but very lately rear'd :
This hatch'd suspicions somewhat strong.

With teeth and claws they oped the mound—
Where *such* a treasure soon was found !
Forth trots the *poverty-struck* 'squire,
Begging and praying beyond measure,
They would not take away his treasure :
Was sorry he had been so great a liar;

'Was ready with his *quota* to the state,
T' assist the war, and give the dogs their sate.'
But, no—it was against the laws: they found
He could not have it—no such thing,
As treasure *under ground*
Belong'd of *right* unto the *king*.

Thus was 'Squire Hedge-hog very fairly bit,
Now to apply this fable to 'Squire Pitt:—

Pitt, canst thou say with a good grace,
That thine is not a *hedge-hog case?*
Believe me, thou'rt not *poor in purse*,
However thou mayst be in *spirit :*
Thine *income*, for the nation's curse,
Is much, I fear, beyond thy *merit*.

The Cinque Ports, with a few *remunerations*,
Prove to John Bull some *trifling* obligations,
Which Wyndham *cheese-parings* might call;
Which *cheese-parings*, if in *my pow'r*,
Should, in the space of half an hour,
Return to where they started, like a *ball*.

Had Justice nicely weigh'd thy *true* desert,
What had she giv'n?—I'll tell thee *what*—
The dame had giv'n, to please thy *lofty* heart,
Just *half enough* to feed a *rat*:
An animal of vicious nature,
Who, after breakfasting, and dining,
And supping in a house, and undermining,
Leaves it a prey to *fire* and *water*
(As soon as all the plunder ceases),
To tear it in a thousand pieces.

ODE VIII.

TO PITT.

'BLESSED are those who nought expect,
For they shall not be disappointed;'
But thou didst hope a *grand effect*—
Great sighings from the Lord's anointed.

Strong was thy hope that majesty would send,
Of terror full, to his *good friend*
Of Downing Street post-haste away,
Petitioning—' Pitt, all is over,
' The French will quickly land at Dover,
And no one to oppose and slay:
Of strength thou art a mighty tow'r:
Come, come, and all thy thunder pour;

Without *thee*, England meets her fate—
Haste, haste, and save a sinking state!'

Such were a very flattering sound!
How had the echoes rung around!
But no such voice, alas! was ever heard!
No thunder roll'd, no tempest blew;
But easy quite as an *old shoe*,
Saint James's for thy loss appear'd.
Soft as a cat's, indeed, was thy retreat,
That moves *down stairs* upon her velvet feet.

But prithee swallow, Pitt, a question,
That mayn't agree with thy digestion:
Where was the blush, the blush of *shame*,
When, to exalt the *blind* and *lame*,
Thou gav'st of eloquence *that* dainty dish?
Yet people will in answer say,
''Tis the world's way—
We never hear a man cry, "Stinking fish!"'

TO PITT,

IN CONTINUATION.

'TIS whisper'd thou wert turn'd to door,
Most *Job-like*, very, very poor.
Poor man! poor man! ah, what a pity!
Farewel to dinners in the city!
Farewel to grocers *ev'ry one*—
Othello's occupation's gone!

Stinking fish.] A few of his fellow-labourers in the political vineyard, that remained after his expulsion. Mr. Pitt's *eulogium* on those rags of his administration produced a universal smile, even from his *own party*.

Yet greater men than thee have fall'n from glory:
Witness the following little story.

THE SULTAN AND THE DOG.

A Mighty sultan of the east,
On ev'ry dainty used to feast:
(How different from the beggar and his bone!)
Who drank, too, Burgundy, I ween;
For ev'ry thing *in style* was seen,
Becoming one who sat upon a *throne*.

It chanc'd that war, all-pow'rful war,
So apt the wisest schemes to mar,
And change the master to the humble *slave*.
Fix'd on the sultan his steel claws,
Clapp'd an embargo on his jaws,
And *words, hard words*, instead of victuals, gave.

The king was *beat*—to prison sent, in short—
Coarse was his fare, the coarsest sort:
A jug of milk was sent to him for dinner:
Enter a dog, who, while the king
Was musing on some *lofty thing*,
Stole slily to the milk, the thievish sinner;
Forc'd in his head, and lapp'd *each drop*, no doubt,
But could not get his head felonious *out*.

So off, with his jugg'd jowl, the rascal ran.
The monarch, smiling, mark'd the theft,
And of his dinner though bereft,
With much good-humour thus began:

'Fortune's a *fickle* dame: but *yesterday*
A hundred camels scarce could bear
My *quantities* of kitchen-ware,
And now a *cur* can carry it away!'

OH, with a disposition soft as silk,
So humble, *affable*, and *mild*;
Art *thou* reduc'd, too, to a *jug of milk*,
Sweet Nature's child?
Speak—Did the *famish'd wolves*, alas!
Eat *all* the flesh of the dead ass,
And leave thee nothing but the bones?
Say, hadst thou not the face to mump
One steak, from the poor nation's *rump*,
To calm gaunt Famine's hollow moans?

Ah, me! we all are very poor;
Tax'd to the very eyes, I'm sure!
Where is the *article* that pays no *duty?*
Nought 'scapes!—not woman's *fascinating beauty!*

Lo, many a little charming Phillis,
For vending roses sweet and lilies,
And love-inspiring, luscious, balmy kisses;
Although the growth of *their own cheek*;
Although the growth of *their own neck*;
Although the growth of *their own lip*, sweet Misses;
Are forc'd to bridewell's horrid fare,
For dealing in *unlicens'd* ware—
Spoil'd all their pretty hops, and skips, and glee,
Because the justice had not got his *fee*.

ODE IX.

TO PITT AGAIN.

SAY, Pitt, dost thou so easy part
With pow'r, the idol of thy heart,
And, philosophic, yield to thy disgrace;
Leave Downing Street and stately rooms,
For secrecy and spectre glooms
Of solitary, poor Park Place;

To live within a little hole,
As melancholy as a mole?

Thou thoughtest we should all wear mourning,
Black, weeping all for thy returning—
All with white handkerchiefs to catch wet sorrow:
Ah! know there are not ten who care
Five farthings were they now to hear
That thou wert in a jail to-morrow.

Pitt, thou hast been in office long enough:
Yes, thou hast had a *handsome swing*;
Thy hide, too, like a bull-hide tough,
Has met, indeed, with many a *sting*,
Or *dart*, that must have kill'd all but the man
Whose *modesty* not only took our flour
(The *conscientious miller* of the hour),
But made its bow, too, to the *bran:*
Nay ready, too, upon its back,
To carry off the very *sack!*

Suspended on a bit of steel,
Employ'd in *sniggling*,
A large and slippery eel,
The world seems glad to see thee wriggling.

How hast thou work'd for life and soul,
To slip again into thy hole!
Aye, gape, and writhe, and spread thy fin,
Poor Master Fish, you won't get in.

A bungling chemist, thou hast manag'd badly;
Manag'd the state-alembic sadly,
With all thy cunning and thy pains:
The finer parts are off! in *air!*
Howe'er thine ignorance may stare,
And nought but *caput mortuum* remains.

So much, Pitt, for our *sublimed* constitution,
The subject of thy fierce and ceaseless fires!
And, lo, by dint of time and resolution,
Thou hast well *crucibled* thy country 'squires;

And Mother Bank, the blindest of old crones,
Extracting heaps of gold from stocks and stones.

When ye began this *righteous* war,
Where was your tutelary star?
Ye never dreamt of danger till *too late.*
'A war with France! oh, that's soon o'er;
A fox-chase, fox-chase, nothing more;
Fun, fun—just coursing a poor hare, or cat.'

Such was your speech: but, sir, it *doth appear*,
That this same cat is now become a *bear*,
Whose claws have lately held you *snug*,
And giv'n a cursed *Cornish hug*.

ODE X.

TO HENRY DUNDAS, ESQ.

FOR a great empire, fast undoing,
Something, indeed, should have been *brewing*,
Better than brandy and strong beer:
Something was wanting, to my humble thinking,
Besides good eating and hard drinking,
To keep the leaky ship from *foundering* clear:
Yet 'tis well known that e'er the vessel's sunk,
The sailors commonly *get drunk*.

Now thou art off, I long to see,
In thine own language, '*Wha wants me?*'
It will not be at all surprising
To catch thee, Harry, *advertising*.
If mad to face a *second storm*,
Take an advertisement *in form*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A *steady* man, near sixty years of age,
Would very willingly engage
As *butler* to a minister of state,
And overlook the *plate*.

But should the plate *by chance* be carried off,
And not a hogshead or a bottle left;
He begs to say, he won't be fool enough
To *answer* for the *leakage*, or the *theft*.

If *wanted*, he can have, by God's good grace,
An *exc'llent character* from his last place.
Please to direct to Mister H. Dundas,
At the *old sign*—the Bottle and the Glass.

A MORAL CONCLUSION.

IN this world's wild, uncertain chase,
What strange events at times take place!
Some bright with *joy*, some black with *sorrow!*
Omnium est rerum vicissitudo!
To *day* what wonders *I* and *you* do,
That happen not again *to-morrow!*

Hawkesb'ry, and Wyndham, Canning, Long,
Were *under-strappers* to Will Pitt;
Forerunners, oft they gave their tongue
Before the great man pour'd his wit.

Thus Paul's four small clock-quarters ('prentice boys)
Instruct their mighty master when to sound:
Paul solemn listens to the tinkling noise,
Then breaks in thunder to the world around!

But herald under-strappers now no more,
Pitt out of office, the broad farce is o'er;
Flung from his pedestal amid the rabble,
Deep-thundering Pitt is—poor old Goody Gabble.

Ah me! *sic transit gloria mundi*—
Such things will *be* till moon and sun die,
And earth our ashes, our pale embers cover:
And really, when we sum up *all*,
What's life?—A blast—a little squall.—
Death's calm must come at last, and all *is over*—
All in our tombs in peace—not *one*
To read '*Hic jacet*' on the *stone!*

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL, *

TALES OF THE HOY;

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.

Φιλέȣσι μεν σε Μȣ̃σαι,
Φιλέει δὲ Φοῖϐος αὐτὸς,
Λιγυρην δ' εδωκεν οἴμην.

ANACREON.

The Muses love thee dearly, Peter,
And eke the merry God of Metre,
Who gracious gave thee such a charming tongue:
We thought that age had quench'd thy fire,
Or law's rude hammer crush'd thy lyre,
Or royal whisper sooth'd the rage of Song;
Or pension chang'd thy harp's *uncourtly* strings,
And with her *golden scissars* clipp'd thy wings.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

IT were needless, O illuminated reader, to inform thee, that the hint of the Tales of the Hoy is borrowed from Chaucer, who borrowed *his* hint from the Decameron of Boccace, who borrowed *his* hint from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. Thou wilt perceive that I have deviated from my merry predecessor, by omitting a prize-supper for the best story-teller. I have also deviated, by introducing Ballad, Dialogue, &c. by way of taking off a fatiguing monotony; thus enlivening the scene by *diversity*, which possesses a charm for the world in general.

Mine host of the Hoy also differs from the host of the Tabard, by delivering his opinions in *prose*, a more *natural mode* of communication, though not so difficult, and consequently not so ingenious; difficulty and ingenuity being, in the present age, considered as *synonymous*, by a number of *profound thinkers!* It would be thought presumptuous, per-

haps, to draw a parallel between Harry Baily, the host of the Tabard, and Captain Noah, our host of the Hoy; but I must confess that I would rather be Captain Noah than Harry Baily; not that Harry Baily was not a *clever fellow*—indeed he had humour, added to a shrewdness of observation; but Harry Baily had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of his own chimney: whereas Captain Noah has been, like Ulysses, a *great traveller;* has sailed to various parts of the globe; was on board the very ship of war with Mr. George Rose, our present great and *excellent* Secretary of the Treasury, when he was only a poor purser's mate, and was with him too when he was elevated, by parliamentary interest, to the rank of purser; and well remembers that he has often d-mned Mr. Rose's rotten peas, ropy small beer, hopping biscuit, and horse beef. Captain Noah was likewise with Sir Joseph Banks at Otaheitee, when that great man, for the *honour* of his *country*, was tattooed, and lost his breeches, in the boat with Queen Obereah. Captain Noah also can play a country-dance on the fiddle, and dance the hays at the same time—nay, so far from being *illiterate*, he has published an *acrostic* in Mr. John Nichols's Magazine; nay, Captain Noah has actually given *literary hints* to Messieurs Rivingtons and their wives, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who preside over the poetical part of a review called the British Critic, and

before whose awful tribunal this very work of mine, The Tales of the Hoy, must one day *appear*, and, like themselves, at the day of judgement, be *saved* or *damned*.

Captain Noah possesses a more original cast of character, a richer vein of humour, and a more universal knowledge; resembling too very strongly my late ingenious friend Gainsborough, of painting excellence; that is to say, is *desultory* in his conversation, despising the cold phlegmatic form of *connexion*, and taking a *hop*, *step*, and a *jump* over things—to borrow an image from the captain's favourite and congenial element, making *ducks-and-drakes* with *discourse*. By the introduction of Dialogue, my work assumes a pretty dramatic form; and which, with the leave of our present Petronius Arbiter of plays, the *accomplished* Lord Salisbury, may one day make its appearance on our theatres; be honoured with the royal presence, and *smile, perhaps*; and prove that a piece may obtain success without the most distant obligations to flames and spectres.

TALES OF THE HOY.

'TWAS in that month when Nature drear,
With sorrow whimpering, drops a tear,
To find that Winter, with a savage sway,
Prepares to leave his hall of storms,
And crush her flow'rs delightful forms,
And banish Summer's poor last lingering ray;

'Twas in that season when the men of slop,
The Jew and Gentile turn towards their shop,
In alleys dark of London's ample round;
From Margate's handsome spot, and Hooper's-Hill,
And Dandelion, where, with much good-will,
Of butter'd rolls they swallow'd many a pound;

I too, the bard, from Thanet's pleasant isle,
Where, at a lodging-house, I liv'd in *style*,
Prepar'd with Gentile and with Jew to wander;
So pack'd up all my little *odds* and *ends;*
Took silent leave of all my Margate friends,
And sought a gallant vessel's great commander;
Who, proud of empire, rul'd with conscious joy
His wooden kingdom, call'd a Margate Hoy!

Lord! how my gaping readers long to know,
Which gallant vessel's valiant lord
(A natural curiosity I trow!)
Hail'd the great poet and his trunk on board!
If Kydd, who nicks the passage to an inch,
Or he, his high and mighty rival, Finch.

No matter! Be it known to my readers, that, on the day of my departure, on the green lap of mother earth, on Hooper's-Hill, looking towards dear Dandelion of dancing memory, I thus broke forth into the praise of Margate:

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

DEAR Margate, with a tear I quit this isle,
Where all seem happy—sweethearts, husbands, spouses:
On ev'ry cheek, where pleasure plants a smile,
And plenty furnishes the people's houses.

What's Brighton, when to thee compar'd!—poor thing;
Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep;
Or what is Weymouth, though a queen and king
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake and sleep?

Go bid the whiting's, the boil'd whiting's eye,
In brightness with the gem of Ind compare;
Or bid the skipping jack-o'lantern vie
With heav'n's keen flash that lights the realms of air:

Go bid the humble thorn, the cedars ape,
That to the stars their tops sublimely spread;
Go bid a curate in his tatter'd crape,
Like Doctor Porteus lift the lofty head.

Bid Rose's* *Sun* like Sol with lustre shine;
Or bid *that thing*, misnomer'd the True Briton,
Like brother papers, yield a decent line—
Poor dying imps, whom Truth and Genius spit on.

* A great man, who deemed it politically necessary to create a couple of newspapers to vouch for his *good* deeds, and varnish *others*. The consumptive state of his two miserable bantlings, which George weakly imagined would prove to be a pair of Atlasses to support his *world* of character, gave birth to the following Ode of Condolence.

AN

ODE OF CONDOLENCE

TO

GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

On his two Newspapers, most unfortunately baptized 'The Sun,' and 'The True Briton.'

FORBEAR thee, George, such whining, puling, sighing,
Because thy poor consumptive brats are dying—
By *thee* begotten,—how could they be strong?
So very like *thyself* in all their features!
Unhappy, miserable, dismal creatures,
The world now wonders they have liv'd so long.

What but insanity could well expect
Perfection from such radical defect?

What too thy reputation's wing will raise,
And with a bush of laurel deck thy name;
Lo! I, the sweetest bard of modern days,
Admiring, turn the Stentor of thy fame.

No sooner had I finished this pretty, plaintive, poetical encomium, but, in a tender dove-like strain of delicate sensibility, very much like the Hebrew Bard weeping over his favourite Jerusalem, I thus again broke out:

Whate'er from dirty Thames to Margate goes;
However *foul*, immediately turns *fair!*
Whatever *filth* offends the London nose,
Acquires a fragrance soon from *Margate air*.

Ev'n Rose's news-hunters, his *scandal-crimps*,
Are chang'd to *wits*, so great are *Margate-pow'rs;*
Yes! his poor *trumpeters*, the noisy imps,
Become sweet *Philomels*, in *Margate bow'rs!*

The tailor here, the port of Mars assumes:
Who cross-legg'd sat in silence on his board—
Forgets his goose, and rag-besprinkled rooms,
And thread and thimble, and now struts a lord!

A *sow's* ear cannot make a purse of *silk;*
We cannot to a *whale* convert the *shrimp*.
What folly too to put out each poor imp
To nurses yielding *not one drop of milk*.

Then prithee for thy papers sigh no more—
So *worthless*, for oblivion they are ripe;
Peace to their slumber, as their date is o'er—
Peace to their *ashes*, as they light my pipe.

Here Crispin too forgets his end, and awl—
Here Mistress Cleaver with importance looks;
Forgets the beef and mutton on her stall,
And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.

Here Mistress Tap, from pewter pots withdrawn,
Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer;
Mounts her swoln heels on Dandelion's lawn,
And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.

Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in soul,
Here Suds forgets whate'er remembrance shocks;
And Mistress Suds forgetteth too the pole,
Wigs, bob and pigtail, basons, razors, blocks!

Here too the most important Dicky Dab
With puppy-pertness, pretty, pleasant *prig*
Forgets the narrow, fishy house of crab,
And drives in Jehu-style his whirling gig!

And here 'midst all such consequence am *I*
The poet! *semper idem—just the same*—
Bidding old Satire's hawk at follies fly,
To fill the shops of booksellers with *game*.

Now in sorrow did I descend to the pier, alongside of which pier was the vessel ordained to *transport* me from Margate.

In sorrow let me say, I descended, to go on board the vessel,

Which like gilt gingerbread did ride,
(How garish on the silver tide!)
To whose smart ribs was golden varnish giv'n!
Her blushing ensign proudly waving—
Her pendant now in ocean laving,
Now sportive floating on the breeze to heav'n;
Like gaudy mortals, steady now, now tripping;
Now in the *zenith*—now to *nadir* dipping!

At length I got me on board the ark, where Master Noah, *alias* the captain, was, busy, amidst scores of passengers, of different faces, quality, and dispositions, in getting ready for the voyage.—The anchor was soon apeak, the sails filled, and we were under way.

Now, as our immortal Milton sublimely would have sung:

'With dewy gems adorning herb and flow'r,
Mov'd meek-eyed Evening on the western hills
With modest mien, and on the calm expanse
Of ocean's mirror look'd, and looking ting'd
Its heaving bosom with a roseate blush;
A blush empyreal!—

Or, as the no less immortal author of Hudibras would have quaintly said;

'Now Madam Eve, with gown of pink,
Stepp'd down to Neptune's tap to drink,
Where Phœbus just before had been
At his old fam'd salt-water inn
(To end the labours of the day),
And give his horses, oats, and hay,
And bed, and clear their hoofs from gravel,
To fit them for next morning's travel.'

Again, as the illustrious Butler would have said, or sung:

Night, in her weeds, with bats and owls
(Her usual equipage of fowls)
Came forth! and changing colour, day,
(According to her vulgar way)

Like healthy felon's hang'd, alack!
Turn'd from deep red to dismal black.

And now Captain Noah, with a voice more like that of the raven than the nightingale, most audibly yet civilly vociferated, 'Ladies and gemmen of the *best* cabin! please to walk below!' At such summons we descended, where our Palinurus thus began:

'Ladies and gemmen, you are all welcome on board; and as we shall not reach London till to-morrow, in God's name let us drown old care in the bowl.—Here's a pretty little pond of punch; and when we suck that dry, we'll fill another and another; so God prosper the vessel, and send us a pleasant passage! Long may we live, and merry be our hearts! Down with the French! and damn Buonaparte! Cheer up, lads and lasses! While we live, let us *live!* We must all go at last to Davy Jones's locker—no help for it, all must go down—*fortune de le guerre!* We shall never be a day younger! May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss! Love and opportunity! Liberty and property! Come, ladies and gemmen, take your places around the old table—dip your whiskers in the nectar! Drown old care, as I said before! A light heart and a thin pair of breeches! There's a good God over our head! Old England for ever! Come, ladies and gemmen, I'll be toast-master. Here's my chair of state, and here's my hammer. I'll be

the mister Jupiter tonans of the night, as some Latin men have christened me, with your leave—so ladies and gemmen, please to obey my orders. A toast-master, ladies and gemmen, is the greatest man in the world—no appeal from a toast-master. He is despotic—like our prime minister, scorns to give a *reason* for what he does. Ladies and gemmen, a toast-master is *all-wise*; let me *wickedly* say, *omnipotent*, for the chair *must be supported;* and therefore he can command *every thing*. A toast-master may say, 'Moab shall be my washpot, and over Edom will I cast out my old shoe.' A toast-master is the first man in the world—Were his majesty of England here *now*, in this very cabin *here* (God bless him), and refused his glass, or contradicted me, or asked a *reason*, I would order him a half dozen bumpers; if not contented with *that*, a pint of salt water; and were *his* majesty to demand of *my* majesty a *reason* for such proceedings, then should *my* majesty order *his* majesty a *pottle;* which if he refused, he should be sent to *Coventry* before he could say "*Peas*."' The captain ended; when the dark solemnity which saddens the faces of Englishmen who happen to be strangers to one another, was converted into a smile that instantaneously ran over every countenance, by a sort of happy contagion.

Thus oft it happens that the sky
Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;
Breeds clouds like malkins—old, black rags indeed!

The lands below look dismal, drear!
When suddenly, see Sol appear!
He pushes boldly through the dark, his head!
At once the shadows to his glories yield,
And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

Captain Noah now mounted his large elbow chair, assumed his sceptre, *alias* hammer, and, commanding silence, entered upon his song.

SONG.

AGAIN we begin to be Britons, my boys:
While united, success we command:—
Lo! each tar on the ocean a triumph enjoys,
And laurels shall cover the land.

Though surrounded by foes that in legions arise,
And cry for our ruin aloud,
The Genius of England their fury defies,
And bursts like the sun from a cloud!

May the king live for ever, the friend of our isle,
That revolts at the name of a slave;
Whose eye for fair Merit possesses a smile,
And a tear for the tomb of the brave!

No man to his mistress or wife will return,
And say:—'I have fled from the foe;
My honour is gone, in the grave let me mourn
A disgrace that no Briton should know.'

France, the beggar shall be of the year fifty-eight,
When for mercy she put up her pray'r;
With nought but her perfidy left, and her spite,
And her pride, to console her despair.

The Spaniard too late shall his folly confess,
  When his Indies no longer remain;
And the Dutchman, a frog in the days of Queen Bess,
  Shall croak in his ditches again.

But how needless to talk of our prowess in war,
  And proclaim what a universe knows!
Let Langara, De Grasse, and De Winter, declare
  What it is to have Britons for foes!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Mrs. Bliss, my good old acquaintance, here's success to *you* and your pretty little white-legged chicken! A song if you please! Love, almighty Love, I suppose, will be the subject. All alive! nymphs and shepherds—God's lambs *will play!*

MISTRESS BLISS.

Indeed, captain, my song will be a *serious* one—nothing more nor less than an Epitaph on my poor dear girl, Corinna; the best creature in the world, as well as the most beautiful—she was cruelly used! she died a martyr to the tender passion.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

O! I recollect her. Poor Corinna!—I could *cry* for her, Mistress Bliss—a sweet creature! So kind! so lovely! and so good-natured!—she would not hurt a fly! Lord, Lord! tried to make every body happy. Gone! ha! Mistress Bliss? Gone!—poor, soul! Oh! she is in heaven, depend upon it—nothing can hinder it—O Lord, no!—nothing—an an-

gel! an angel by this time—for it must give God very little trouble to make *her* an angel, even if it were a *first-rate*—she was so charming.—Such terrible figures as my Lord C—d—n, or my Lady Mary, to be sure, it would take at least a *month* to make *such ones* any thing *like* angels—but poor little Corinna wanted very few repairs—Perhaps the sweet little soul is now seeing what is going on in our cabin—who knows? Charming little Corinna! Lord, how funny it was! for all the world like a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a kitten, playing with its tail! Gone! as you say, *gone!* Well, now for her Epitaph.

CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

HERE sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its snows
  Were sullied and trod with disdain;
Here lies what was *beauty*, but pluck'd was its rose,
  And flung like a weed to the plain.

O pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
  Who fell the sad victim of *art;*
Ev'n Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
  A pearl of compassion impart.

Ah! think not, ye prudes, that a sigh, or a tear,
  Can offend of all Nature the God;
Lo! Virtue already has mourn'd at her bier,
  And the lily will bloom on her sod.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very pretty! very clever! thank ye, Mistress Bliss—rather doleful—very pretty though—touching and

tender—it would do for my wife Mrs. Noah, very well. I wish Mrs. Noah could have it. Have ye nothing a little more lively, Mrs. Bliss? Come, come, something giggish—something merry—Poor, sweet Corinna! Yes, something alive. Have not you a *what-d'ye-call-it* about ye? a bit of gaiety or so? We must not be always at a *funeral*—must have a *courtship* and a *wedding* sometimes—it would be a dismal world else. Come, Mrs. Bliss, let us have something in the *tol-de-roll-loll-way*—funny—bang dismality—leave that to parsons. I don't admire parsons—a parson in quest of preferment too is one of the saddest dogs in the world—you never have his opinion! so sanctified too! demure as an *old bawd* at a christening! O, d-mn it! and then a parson on board ship is the devil!—I never sailed with one but we had a *storm*. Well, Mrs. Bliss! one more, and then I shall call on my little sprig of Parnassus, Master Tagg.—Silence, ladies and gemmen!

SONG.

WHEN William first woo'd, I said *yes* to the swain,
And made him as blest as a lord—
For ye virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
That *no* is a dangerous word!
The girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid.

The gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
That we're made of materials for kissing—
And if so, for I really believe it, good me!

What joys through one *no* might be missing!
Since the girl who will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the toil—
Whole mountains at once ye remove—
You brighten the eyes of the swain by a *smile*,
For smiles are the sunshine of love!
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of *art*,
Since the *tongue* will not *then* give the lie to the *heart*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very true, Mrs. Bliss—very true song—very good—*no* is a dangerous word—and yet a *bishop* always says *no*, and is never *disappointed*. Mr. Buck, you are called on—Silence!

BUCK.

Mine is 'The Widow of Ephesus,' captain—an *old* tale.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A good subject to work on—a widow—a nice bit of stuff—'Widow of Ephesus,' ha? Aye, aye,—a Greek gentlewoman!—I have been in her country when we sailed up the *Arches*—pretty girls—Greek girls! I used to get their sweet little velvet skins *cheap*. Whip up their veils! Board their juicy lips! and give them a good British *smack*, that you might hear a mile! Oh, the Arches beat the London market all to pieces! Ladies and gemmen, 'The Widow of Ephesus'—Silence!

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS;

A TALE.

BALM are the sighs for breathless husbands shed!
And *pearl* the eye-drops that adorn the dead!

At Ephesus (a handsome town of Greece)
There liv'd a lady—a most lovely piece!
In short, the charming *toast* of all the town:
In wedlock's *velvet* bonds had liv'd the dame—
Yes! brightly did the torch of Hymen flame,
When Death, too cruel, knock'd her husband down.

This was indeed a lamentable stroke!
Prudentia's gentle heart was nearly broke!
Tears pea-like trickle, shrieks her face deform—
Sighs, sighs succeeding, leave her snowy breast—
Winds, call'd hysterical, expand her chest,
As though she really had devour'd a *storm*.

Now, fainting, calls she on her poor dead love,
How like the wailings of the widow'd dove!

All Ephesus upon the wonder gaz'd!
Men, women, children, really were amaz'd.
'Tis true, a few old *maids* abus'd the pother—
'Heav'ns! if one husband dies, why take another!'
Said they—contemptuous cocking up the nose;
'Ridiculous enough! and what about?
To make for a *dead husband* such a rout!
There are as fine as *he*, one might suppose.

'A body would presume, by grief so mad,
Another husband was not to be *had*;
But men are not so very scarce indeed—
More than are *good*, there are, God mend the breed!'

Such was the conversation of old maids,
Upon this husband's visit to the shades.

At length her spouse was carried to the *tomb*,
Where poor Prudentia mop'd amid the gloom.

One little lamp, with solitary beam,
Show'd the dark coffin that contain'd her dear,
And gave a beauteous sparkle to each tear,
That rill-like dropp'd—or rather like a *stream*.

Resolv'd was she amid this tomb to sigh :
To weep, and wail, and groan, and starve, and die—
No comfort! no! no comfort would she take :
Her friends beheld her anguish with great pain,
Begg'd her to try amusement, but in vain—
'No! she would perish, perish for his sake!'

Her flaxen tresses all dishevell'd flow'd—
Her vestments loose—her tucker all abroad,
Revealing *such* fair swelling orbs of woe!
Her lids in swimming grief, now look'd on high,
Now downward droop'd, and now she pour'd a sigh
How *tuneful*, on her dear pale spouse below.

Who would not covet death for such sweet sighs,
And be bewail'd by *such* a pair of eyes?

It happen'd that a rogue, condemn'd to death,
Resign'd (to please the law) his roguish breath;
And near the vault did this same felon swing :
For fear the rogue's relations, or a friend,
Might steal him from the rope's disgraceful end,
A smart young soldier watch'd the thief and string.

This son of Mars, upon his silent station,
Hearing, at night, a dismal lamentation,
Stole to the place of woe—that is, the tomb—
And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face
That look'd with such a charming tragic grace,
Displaying sorrow for a husband's doom.

The youth most nat'rally express'd surprise,
And scarcely could he credit his two eyes:

'Good God, ma'am!—pray, ma'am, what's the
matter here?
Sweet ma'am be comforted—you *must*, you *shall!*
At times misfortunes, ev'n the *best*, befall—
Pray stop your grief, ma'am, *save* that precious tear.'

'Go, soldier, leave me!' sigh'd the fair again,
In *such* a melting melancholy strain,
Casting her eyes of woe upon the youth—
'I *cannot*, *will* not live without my love!'
And then she threw her glist'ning eyes above,
That swam in tears of constancy and truth.

'Madam!' rejoin'd the youth, and press'd her hand,
Indeed you shall not my advice withstand;
For Heaven's sake don't stay here to weep and howl!
Pray take refreshment!' Off at once he set,
And quickly brought the mourner drink and meat;
A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl;
And bread and beer,
Her heart to cheer.

'Ah! gentle youth, you bid me eat in vain!
Leave me! oh, leave me, soldier, to complain!
Yes, sympathizing youth, withdraw your wine!
My *sighs* and *tears* shall be *my* only food—
Thou knewest not my husband kind and good,
For whom this heart shall ever, ever pine!'

And then she cast upon the youth an eye
All tender! saying, 'Soldier, let me *die!*'
And then she press'd his hand with friendship warm.
'You shall not die, by Heav'n!' the soldier swore;
'No! to the world such beauty I'll restore,
And give it back again its only charm!'

Such was th' effect of her delicious hand
That *charm'd* his senses like a wizard's wand;

'What! howl for ever for a breathless *clod!*
Ma'am, you *shall* eat a leg of fowl, by G—!'

With that he clapp'd wine, fowl, bread, beer and all,
Without more ceremony, on the pall.
'Well, soldier, if you *do insist*,' quoth she,
All in a saint-like, sweet, complying tone,
'I'll *try* if Grief will let me pick a *bone!*
Your health, sir.'—'Thank you kindly, ma'am,'
quoth he.

As grief absorbs the senses, the fair dame
Scarce knew that she was eating, or yet drinking;
So hard is it a roaring grief to tame,
And keep the sighing, pensive soul from thinking.

So that the fowl and wine *soon pass'd* indeed—
Quickly away too stole the beer and bread
All down her pretty little swelling throat:
And now, whate'er philosophers may think,
Sorrow is much oblig'd to *meat* and *drink*,
Whose soothing virtues stop the plaintive *note*;

And, says the anatomic art,
'The stomach's *very near* the heart.'

Prudentia found it so: a *gentler* sigh
Stole from her lovely breast—a *smaller* tear,
Containing *less* of anguish did appear
Within the pretty corner of her eye;
Her eye's dark cloud dispersing too apace
(Just like a cloud that oft conceals the moon),
Let out a brighter lustre o'er her face,
Seeming to indicate *dry weather* soon.

Her tongue too somewhat lost its mournful style;
Her rosebud-lips expanded with a *smile*;
Which pleas'd the gallant soldier, to be sure—
Happy to think he sav'd the dame from death—
Yes, from his hug *preserv'd* the sweetest *breath*,
And to a wounded heart prescrib'd a cure.

Now Mars's son a minute left the dame,
To see if all went well with rogue and rope;
But ere he to the fatal gibbet came,
The knave had deem'd it proper to *elope*.

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In short, attendance on the lady's grief
Had lost him his companion, the hang'd thief,
Whose friends had kindly filch'd him from the string.
Quick to the lady did the soldier run:
'Madam, I shall be hang'd, as sure's a gun!
O Lord! the thief's gone off, and *I* shall swing!

'Madam, it was the royal declaration,
That if the rogue was carried off,
Whether by *soft* means or by *rough*—
No matter,—I should take his situation.'

'O Lord, O Lord! my fate's decreed!
O ma'am, I shall be hang'd, indeed!

'O Lord! O Lord! this comes of *creeping*
To graves and tombs—this comes of *peeping*—
This is th' effect of running from my duty!
O curse my folly! What an ape
Was I, to let the thief escape!
This comes of fowl, and wine, and beer, and beauty!

'Yet, ma'am, I beg your pardon too,
Since *if* I'm hang'd, 'twill be for *you!*'

'Cheer up my gallant friend,' reply'd the dame,
Squeezing his hand and smoothing down his face—
'No, no, you sha'nt be hang'd, nor come to shame,
My husband here shall take the fellow's place—
Nought but a lump of clay can he be counted!'
Then let *him* mount'—and lo! the corpse was mounted;
Made a good thief—nay, so complete,
The people never smelt the cheat.

Now from the gibbet to the tomb again,
Haste, arm-in-arm, the soldier and the fair;
T' exchange for kisses, and the turtle's strain,
Sad hymns of *death* and ditties of *despair*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

There was a d-mmed *jade* for ye! What a snivel-ing hussey! It was a *devil* of a trick, to be sure;

but, 'A *living dog* is better than a *dead lion*,' as the saying is. The young soldier, to be sure, was not *much* to blame; for who would not rather be pressing a little warm, beautiful flesh and blood, and ogling lilies and roses, than gaping in the cold all night, at a dead thief? Ladies and gemmen, silence! Now, Master Tagg, make me an *extempore* on this little drunken dog of a fly, that I have just helped out of the punch—there he is, rubbing his nose with his two long arms, and rolling about like a ship in a storm! Come, fire away! and I will afterwards tip you a specimen of my Lord Salisbury's poetry, on a fly that pitched on the cheek of a pretty woman at Hampton-Court. My lord's butler, who was my passenger the last trip, showed it to me as a great curiosity—The king and queen have seen it, and *admired* it. All the servants agree that he is a pestilent man for a rhime—O Lord! there's a deal of genius among the quality now—much improved of late—could not read or write formerly, I've been told—now they write verse and prose like mad—and then there's my Lord Carlisle can tip ye a hundred rhimes in half an hour—but my lady does not like his verses; for he scrawls the chairs and tables over, and walls, whenever the poetry-fit is upon him—and then he makes up *such* wry mouths, and grins when he is going to be delivered of verses, as though he was bewitched. My lady watches his face like a cat, and stalks behind him, with a bit of wet sponge, to rub all out again, that the furniture mayn't be disfigured and spoiled. The servants are ordered too, by my

lady, to take notice of his rhiming *tantarums*, and be ready to *rub*. But, Master Tagg, the *extempore* the *extempore* on the fly, or you shan't have your passage for *nothing!*

THE DRUNKEN FLY.

POOR little reeling, thoughtless soul,
To tumble drunk into the bowl!
  Death to thy thread had clapp'd his knife;
Go, wipe thy nose, and wings, and thighs,
And brighten up thy maudling eyes,
  And thank the captain for thy life!

In future, get not *quite* so drunk!
Thy girl, perhaps, a lass of *spunk*,
  May wish thy amorous pow'rs to prove;
And shouldst thou, drunk, the wanton chase,
Ebriety may bring *disgrace*;
  And *who* would look a *fool* in love?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very well, very arch, Master Tagg—a *sly* hint—modest hint to certain young valorous, braggadocio, and tippling fornicators. Now for my Lord Salisbury's fly.

VERSES ON A FLY

That pitched on the Cheek of a most beautiful young Lady.

BY LORD SALISBURY.

HAPPY, happy, happy fly!
Were I *you*, and *you* were I!
But *you* will always be a fly,
And *I* remain Lord Salisbury!

Ladies and gemmen, a very pretty thought! tender and sentimental, and touching. You see that my lord is a dab at a distich. Master Barnacle, a tale or a song!

MR. BARNACLE.

Both in *one*, Captain Noah, and set to music by a charming fellow, Will. Shield, whom every body knows, and on whom some queer genius wrote verses, just after poor Shield's brains were almost knocked out by the fall of the statue of an Apollo on his head, from the summit of the organ, as he was playing.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Repeat them! repeat them!

Verses on the Fall of the Statue of Apollo from the Summit of the Organ, on the Head of Shield, as he was playing.

ON a day, on Shield's crown,
Apollo leap'd down,
And, lo! like a bullock he fell'd him!
Now was not this odd?
Not at all—for the god
Was mad that a *mortal* excell'd him!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Funny, funny, funny! Fine man, Shield! Great at the gamut—an angel in his airs—deep—deep musician! He carried me to the opera once, and told me about all the singers—*Signor this*, and *Signor*

that, who squalled away at a most cat-like rate! I was not much pleased with *that;* but a thought struck me that pleased me wonderfully—it was to think that the descendants of those *rogues,* the Romans, who beat us poor Britons about like so much stockfish a thousand or two years ago, should be forced—hæ! ladies and gemmen—come, I must be decent—to lose, to lose—I mean, to be made eunuchs! and come a thousand miles to squall to us. Great change! wonderful change in the world! What *ups* and *downs!* Poor fellows! I *pity* them too—never have any children, I'm told—all dead men—blanks! blanks! cut off from the ladies—great misfortune that! all done when young too—infants—babies! Were I served the trick, I'd go to the world's end to cut their throats, *whoever* did it—father or mother—uncle or aunt—god-father or god-mother—I'd *eunuch* them, with the devil to 'em!—horrid, horrid, horrid! Mr. Pope, the great poet, hath wrote upon that *Lousyweesy,* or what is the young lady's name, and *Ablard*—very fine—but I don't understand the whole, it is so wrapped up; but I guess, guess — a very peppery poem—and yet all young ladies know it by heart—yes, yes, leave *them* alone to find out *what's what!*

Joan of Naples used to have a bath under her window for the young men, where she sat and picked out those for her pleasure that she liked best—bad, bad—she should have been put into the pillory! Ladies and gemmen, to order! A song from Mr. Barnacle!

POOR TOM.

NOW the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call;
Death no more in smoke and thunder,
Rode upon the vengeful ball.

Yet, what brave and loyal heroes
Saw the sun of morning bright—
Ah! condemn'd by cruel Fortune
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave captain stood.

'O, my noble captain! tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
Have I done a seaman's duty
On this great and glorious day?

'Tell a dying sailor truly,
For my life is fleeting fast;
Have I done a seaman's duty?
Can there aught my mem'ry blast?'

'Ah! brave Tom!' the captain answer'd,
'Thou a sailor's part hast done!
I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
Wounds by which our glory's won.'

'Thanks, my captain! life is ebbing
Fast from this deep-wounded heart;
But, O grant one little favour,
Ere I from the world depart:

'Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my dear and constant Catherine,
Cut a lock from this poor head!

'Bid him to my Catherine give it,
  Saying, hers alone I die!
Kate will keep the mournful present,
  And embalm it with a sigh.

'Bid him too this letter bear her,
  Which I've penn'd with panting breath:
Kate may ponder on the writing,
  When the hand is cold in death.'

'That I will,' replied the captain,
  'And be ever Catherine's friend.'
Ah! my good and kind commander,
  Now my pains and sorrows end!'

Mute towards his captain weeping,
  Tom uprais'd a thankful eye—
Grateful then, his foot embracing,
  Sunk, with Kate on his last sigh!

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
  Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature—
  Pity never warm'd his heart!

Now in his white hammock shrouded,
  By the kind and pensive crew,
As he dropp'd into the ocean,
  All burst out—'Poor Tom, adieu!'

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Charming, charming! a thousand pities such a fine fellow should be meat for the sharks! Brook-Watson-legs are good enough for *them!* Pity! pity! but it can't be helped—a man is no more than a sparrow with God! A strange world this! very bad world, indeed, in some parts—*hogged* the moment it was launched—a number of rotten timbers! I

think it must have been built by *contract*—yes! in some private dock or other, sure as fate! But we can't help it—if the ship be leaky, we must keep the pumps agoing! All's one a hundred years hence! What business have we to die? Fine fellow Xerxes, when he cried to think that in a few years not a man of all his armies would be alive. Fine thought—pretty thought—natural too! I should like to have shaken a paw with Xerxes, poor fellow—but then I should not have been *here*, ladies and gemmen, to enjoy your good company! To order! to order!—Master Squibb, tumble up! examine your wallet, and give us something good!

SQUIBB.

My dear friend, my hearty honest host of the hoy, principal proprietor of the prince of packets, upon my soul I have nothing to offer—not a bit of a ballad—not a slice of a song—nor a tittle of a tale, to enliven the evening, and conjure up conviviality.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

What! not *you*, Squibb? the prince of paragraph-makers! the nabob of news! the imp of invention! the lion of learning! and the very paper-kite of politics! What, *you* aground?

SQUIBB.

Let me perish, my dear friend, if I possess a particle of power; I really, my dear friend, am as stupid as that stupid stock, my hum-drum chum, Bar-

naby Bufflehead, who never so much as *blundered* on a *bon-mot*!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Come, come, no palavering *me* over, with my dear friend, and dear friend; I hate the word; there's so much hypocrisy in the world. Friendship is a *silent* gentlewoman—makes no parade. The *true* heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue—a p-x on palaver, say I—so give us *something*, Mister Modesty, if you please.

SQUIBB.

Upon my honour, Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A bumper of salt water for Master Squibb!

SQUIBB

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Two bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Upon my soul, Captain Noah, this is a very serious affair, d-mme!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Three bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb—then hey for Coventry!

SQUIBB.

Well, I'll sing! I'll sing!

SONG.

Dearest creature,
Of all nature;
Oh! I die, I faint, &c.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Stop, for God's sake, Squibb! I excuse the rest. No pig hung in a gate ever made a more dismal noise—no dog ever bayed the moon so frightfully! Why, zounds! my cur Dumplin should howl more musically; and then the words, they put me in mind of that most mawkish of all mawkish stuff, the Sorrows of the Heart, baptized a novel. O the cursed trash! Poor Squibb! Why, what a difference between thee and a brother *Quid-nunc* that sailed with me last trip—I mean Brass Wildfire, a piece of an editor—a fine news-hunter—would spin ten paragraphs out of one. Oh! a dare-devil—he told me all the secrets of his Pandemonium. He showed me his pocket-book — rich lessons of roguery!

SQUIBB.

Then he was a rascal.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He was, he was, Squibb; but this must be said in his favour, he had candour enough to *confess it*. No hypocrite, no — no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of scandal—nor a breakfast—nor a dinner—nor tea—nor supper. He was a pensioner upon almost

every profession; he kept his feet dry by puffing a shoemaker; his legs warm by puffing a hosier; his rump and back by puffing a tailor and mercer; his head by puffing a hatter; and, being able to swill porter with the gullet of a whale, he had always a pot ready for his maw, by immortalizing an ale-house. Lord, Lord! he frightened all the actors and actresses out of their senses, and got half their salaries for puffs! and then for the singers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little nightingales.

SQUIBB.

A scoundrel!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—He used to get away all their trinkets from them—watch-seals, rings, etwees, and sometimes a whole watch—orders for the play and opera, which he either made presents of for future dinners, or sold for ready-money.

SQUIBB.

A villain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—He never wanted news at a pinch; would spring from Dan to Beersheba in a twink. To enliven the paper he would fly to Constantinople, rouse the Janissaries, hang up a bashaw of three tails, poison the grand mufti, set fire to the seraglio, make the ladies scamper forth in their smocks, and the grand signor, run like a lamplighter, in his shirt.

SQUIBB.

Fie! Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True as the Gospel, Squibb—At another time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey, step a hundred miles into the country that refused tribute, and bring home a hundred hogsheads of ears—step away into Egypt and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake—then hey for Smyrna, and kill a million or two with a plague.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—If he wanted a piece of Indian news—presto, be gone! He murdered a whole ship's crew in the Straits of Malacca—put a ship for a fortnight on her beam ends in the Straits of Sundy—then faced about to Bengal and Madras; hopped to Seringapatam, shook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes amongst the Marattas.

SQUIBB.

Shameful, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

All his own confessions, Squibb—Then he would set off for Bombay, sink the island of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits of Babelman-

del, cut through the Red Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demolish Suez, dash through the Desert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and set all the islands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

SQUIBB.

O! captain.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—If he wanted to *fill* up, and wished for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up his old friend, the yellow fever, and lay you dead thirty thousand pounds-worth of officers in one room—set the council, assembly and governor, by the ears, and transfer the seat of government from Spanish-Town to Kingston—hop up amongst the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the island to the Negroes.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah, fie!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True Squibb—A rare fellow! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the proprietors—quite a Filch! Oh, a blessed babe of grace! Did a family refuse to take in the paper to which he was a hack, he would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the sons swindlers, and the daughters bastards, big with child by the footmen or stable-boys.

SQUIBB.

Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He *did*, Squibb—If an author did not advertise in his paper, he was sure to be loaded with abuse—was a dull hound—a thief: then, as for scandal, he would invent a vile tale—put it into his paper—get the abused parties about him—It could not be helped, he had a handsome sum for inserting it. He must *live*—family of children—hard times—open to all parties—nothing could be fairer; but if an answer were wished, it should be put in. Well, an answer is inserted—he answers the answer with blacker inventions; goes to the house of the scandalized party, sympathizes, promises, dines, sups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off, and laughs at *them* as fools for not suspecting *him* to be a villain!

SQUIBB.

Is it *possible?*

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Yes, very possible, Squibb—It is surprising that Justice Colquhoun, who has written so much upon *abuse*, should omit this *giant* of nuisances, this d-mned plague to society; but he was afraid, afraid, I suppose, of being stung to death by a hornet or two.

SQUIBB.

But we are not *all* alike, captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

No, no, God forbid! God forbid! some pigeons,

and many crows, I presume—My little lovely Lucy Languish, a song from thy sweet lips! Ladies and gemmen, Miss Languish's song—Silence!

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

LO! the pipe of poor Colin, mute, mute, how it lies!
No more to be swelled by his hopes, or his sighs!
'Go, leave me!' said he, 'since unpriz'd by the fair.'
Then he wistfully flung it away in despair.

Who, like Colin, could give it of rapture the sound,
Which the echoes with rapture repeated around?
Or give it, like Colin, a soul to complain?
And who like the shepherd e'er gave it in vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that he stray'd
To sooth with its music the ear of the maid!
'Twas here that he wak'd its sweet voice, to delight
(Not Philomel's sweeter!) her slumber at night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of his reed;
The heart of poor Colin was fated to bleed!
See his grave! near yon tree his pale relics are laid,
'Mid the bow'r that he planted, of silence and shade.

Ah! blame not the nymph who was deaf to his tale,
Since her heart was betroth'd to a youth of the vale.
Come, virgins, we'll gather the flow'rs of the grove,
And strew on the victim of Sorrow and Love.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! terrible disorder, love! I think I see him now, just like Patience on a monument, *smelling* at grief, as the Scotchman said—yes, drooping, sleeping, nodding, like the swallows in winter on the bushes of the Thames, preparing to

take a journey under water. Strange! strange! that men and women *only* should die for *love!* Dogs and cats, and other animals, never feel the passions so sensibly. Ladies and gemmen, suppose we *adjourn* the *court* for a handful of minutes, take a peep at Mistress Moon, and put a few questions to the weather.

To this proposal we all agreed, Captain Noah leading the way up to the deck.

Thus, as the flocks amid the valley feed,
 Behold! the bellwether, the rover,
Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
 To taste a neighbouring field of clover!
He *dares* th' opposing hedge, he beats it *hollow*—
Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces follow!

TEARS AND SMILES;

A

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color.——HOR.

JULIA;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Illa mihi sancta est; illius dona sepulchro,
Et madefacta meis serta feram lacrymis.
TIBULLUS.

From mem'ry nought shall force her form away,
For ever sacred and for ever dear:
I'll seek her tomb at morn and closing day,
And wet each flow'r I offer with a *tear*.

JULIA;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

SHE is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!
She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, so ador'd, so desir'd;
Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the passion her beauty inspir'd.

Yet silent was she on the swain
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.

Though faint was the blush on her cheek,
And deep in her bosom the thorn;
A smile midst her sorrows would break,
Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:
'Sweet Zephyr, bring health,' she would cry;
But Health never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But Health never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But Health never came to the hill.

On her dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd, as she patted his head,
'Poor Fidelle! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
When thy mistress, who loves thee, is dead.

'*Thou* hast ever been constant and kind;
My fondness ne'er met with a *slight*:
In *thee* a firm friendship I find;
How unhappy when out of my sight!

'When with speed I could travel the plain,
With thy mistress to sport was thy pride;
And now I am weak and in pain,
Thou art heartless and dull by my side.

'When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
And seek me, uneasy, around;
Beseeching the swains, with a whine,
To tell where thy friend may be found.

'Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,
Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day:
Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,
Nay, nor hunger will force thee away.'

Thus she spoke to her fav'rite, whose eye
Was fix'd upon those of the maid:
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sigh,
As if conscious of all she had said!

Sweet nymph! what a sudden decay!
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain;

Now her head would sink feebly away,
  Like the lily press'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell;
  In silence we watch'd her last breath:
When she bade us for ever farewell,
  How divine, though the whisper of Death!

No struggle in dying she knew,
  Life pass'd with such sweetness away!
So calm from the world she withdrew,
  Her last sigh seem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
  For needless of *praise* is the tale;
Since the virtues that shone in the maid,
  May be seen in the tears of the vale.

TO THE READER.

THE unfortunate subject of this elegiac ballad was a young lady, possessed of uncommon beauty, united with a highly cultivated intellect, and the most fascinating manners. A *tender* attachment, terminating in disappointment, so affected her spirits as to occasion a fatal decline. Her lover, from whose professions of regard she expected every happiness, deserted her almost in the hour of leading her to the Hymenæal altar: deluded by the ideà of immense riches, he gave his hand to another; thus sacrificing peace, honour, and humanity, at the tinsel shrine of Fortune. His marriage, as might be expected, commencing with infamy, terminated in sorrow, and shortened a life that seemed to possess a claim to longevity. His last hours were those of repentance and horror: before his death he frequently visited the grave of his beloved but deserted Julia, and strewed flowers, mingled with sighs, on her sod; and if a long and unfeigned contrition might be al-

lowed to *atone* for the insanity of a moment, his tears must have obliterated his offences. Naturally of a poetical turn, he wrote a number of what he modestly called his *love trifles*, and sent occasionally to his mistress during the paroxysm of his passion, some of which we have subjoined, that seem to breathe a spirit of sincerity, whose foundation one would imagine could never have been shaken by the feeble arm of a puerile ambition.

ELEGY I.

He despairs of obtaining the Smiles of his Mistress.

WHAT are the thunders of the ruthless wind?
And what the billows that tumultuous roll?
Calms to the raging tempest of my mind,—
Rills to the restless surges of my soul.

Intent to please, I vainly urge my toil;
No hopes, alas! the virgin's looks impart:
O tell me, Julia, what can win thy smile?
O speak, and heave the *mountain* from my heart.

What can I do to win a cruel maid?
The front of Danger willing would I brave:
No coward terror can this heart invade,
Whose chiefest glory is to be thy *slave*.

Fate holds no horror while I please my fair;
  Then, Julia, bid me my fond passion *prove*:
All, all thy rigour can command I dare,
  But lose thine image, and forget to love.

ELEGY II.

Instead of composing for Fame, he resolves to write the Praises of Julia.

NO more I'll idly pour the line for praise:
  Far loftier hopes my glowing fancy move;
I ask the muses for their sweetest lays,
  To tell a beauteous maid how much I *love*.

Vain are our vows to Fame! alas, how vain!
  She waits to see us on the mournful bier;
Before she yields of eulogy the strain,
  What cruel mockery to the lifeless ear!

To Julia's hand I own my wish aspires:
  Mean are *my* merits—*hers* how far above!
Yet can I boast what only *she* requires,
  A heart to guard her, and a soul to love.

Though courts admir'd, the modest Julia chose
  The silent shade, remote from public view:
How like the berry that in secret glows,
  And hides beneath a leaf its blushful hue!

Few are the wishes of the constant pair:
  What though no gold their humble cot display;
Content, their guest, thus cries with careless air,
  'Go, leave us, Wealth, and palaces emblaze.'

In *rural* bowers Content delights to dwell;
To cull the sweets of Nature's simple vale;
To join the *hermit* in the mossy cell,
And join the *nymphs* and *shepherds* of the dale.

To Fortune's tinsel shrine let *others* bow,
And to their wishes rear the golden pile;
To one fair virgin while I breathe *my* vow,
And let *my* only treasure be *her smile*.

ELEGY III.

He complains of Julia's not keeping her Appointment to meet him.

WHAT demons keep my soul's delight away,
And cruel thus my fondest wish invade?
Alas! I tremble at the setting ray!
Pale evening waves around an envious shade!

How expectation loads th' important hour!
Impatience wilder with each moment grows!
Thou loit'ring fair-one, bless th' appointed bow'r,
And snatch thy lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain;
From glade to glade with wild emotion move;
Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,
Devour each sound, and chide my ling'ring love.

Desponding, now upon the ground I lie,
And, anxious, murmur to the desert air;
Now call on slumber to my closing eye;
But slumber lights not on the lids of care.

Dark as the bosom of the stormy deep,
  Wild as its waves my thoughts succeeding roll;
Cool reason vainly soothes the wretch to sleep—
  Oh! what is reason to the love-sick soul?

Ye sweet companions of my lonely bow'r,
  Whose simple melodies my shades inspire:
Oh, that my bosom felt your happy hour!
  Oh, that my voice could join your cheerful choir!

Light as your wing that skims the midway sky,
  From joy to joy my heart so lately flew:
With me my moments never left a sigh,
  Nor bath'd my lids in sorrow's baleful dew.

Hate to the nymph I vow, and cold disdain:
  Yet at each idle sound alarm'd, I start;
To meet her, panting, every nerve I strain,
  And show too plain her triumph o'er my heart.

Where is my love? alas! my transports die:
  My cheek, that redden'd with despair, turns pale;
With disappointment drops my clouded eye,
  Each pining feature tells a mournful tale.

See, see, the sun descends beneath the deep;
  Behold the melancholy bird of night!—
In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
  And wish in vain to stay the parting light.

ELEGY IV.

Disappointed at not meeting Julia, he accuses her of Inconstancy.

FAINT as the lustre of a lonely star,
That sheds through night's abyss his distant fire,
Hope feebly glimmer'd on my heart's despair:
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire!

Know, lovely virgin, thy deluding art
Hath lodg'd a thousand scorpions in my breast.
Oh, say what happier rival wins thy heart?
Say, am I there no more a welcome guest?

To a *false* fair-one have I told my tale?
For a *false* fair-one fondly sigh'd so long?
Why, dear deceiver, did thy charms prevail?
Thy charms the subject of my ev'ry song.

Ye swains who heard so oft my raptur'd lays,
False is the damsel that your wonder drew;
Ye nymphs who listen'd to the lavish'd praise,
My soul's soft idol proves at length untrue.

Nymphs of the vale, for *me* your pity spare;
Let not my fate, ye swains, your pity draw:
Alas! for faithless beauty drop the tear,
And grieve so fair a diamond holds a flaw.

Can Falsehood's stain that dove-like heart defile?
Ah, see the tear by blushing Honour shed!
Lurks perfidy beneath that heavenly smile?
See Love with horror mark the guilty maid

Yet, yet the tyrant of my breast she reigns:
 Restless for *her* it heaves with constant sighs;
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
 Yet softly pleads her pardon while it dies.

ELEGY V.

He condemns the Licentiousness of the Age.

TO false delights the youth of Britain fly,
 Who court for happiness the wanton's arms;
Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
 And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.

When in the Syren's fond embrace you sigh,
 And on her lip impress the burning kiss,
Doth friendship mingle with th'unhallow'd joy,
 Or Love's pure spirit swell the surge of bliss?

When droops enjoyment, what is then the fair?
 A *flow'r* that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade;
A *sun* that pours a momentary glare,
 And 'mid the tempest sinks o'erwhelm'd in shade.

O swains, to Modesty's fair daughters turn:
 By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led:
Bid by your flight the venal fair-one mourn,
 And press in tears her solitary bed.

When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,
 And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art;
With false delights she shamefully subdues,
 And leads the passions captive, not the *heart*.

Their midnight orgies whilst they madly hold,
  I of a tender maid shall be possest:
What bliss her tender beauties to enfold,
  And sooth my slumbers on her faithful breast!

Time from her bosom all its snows may steal,
  His iron hand her cheeks' pure blush invade
Still to my Julia will I fondly kneel,
  And love her most when all her roses fade.

Who spurns the weeping fair-one from his breast,
  Hard is his heart—in ev'ry virtue poor:
Hard is his heart to wound the fair distrest,
  Who sighs that she can charm his eye no more.

Cruel to bid with grief her bosom heave,
  Because her cheeks no longer glowing warms:
Base, to forget the joys her beauty gave—
  And oh, forget it *faded in his arms*!

SONG.

FROM her, whose ev'ry smile is love,
  I haste to some far distant cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
  I bid the flatterer Hope farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my sighs
  At ev'ry step for Julia mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
  And, panting, whispers, '*O return*.'

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
  Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame:
By absence thou wilt lose thy woe,
  And only *flutter* at her name.

SONG.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives warmth to the
vale;
The song of the warbler enlivens the groves;
The pipe of the shepherd too gladdens the gale:
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array;
To the valleys the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roses the pride of their blushes display;
Alas! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains;
Go, Zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the Pleasures with Julia are fled from the
plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's* should
mourn.

SONG.

ON JULIA.

ERE 'witching Love my heart possest,
And bade my sighs the nymph pursue
Calm as the infant's smiling rest,
No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah! doom'd at last to mourn,
  What tumults in that heart arose!
An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
  By tempests from its deep repose.

Yet let me not the virgin blame,
  As though *she* wish'd my heart despair;
How could the maid suspect a flame,
  Who never knew that she was *fair?*

TO JULIA.

FROM her whom ev'ry heart must love,
  And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
  Ah! were she fair alone for *me!*

In vain to solitudes I fly,
  To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on Mem'ry's *eye*,
  And roots its beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
  I see her cheek's pure blush appear:
And when the lark the morning hails,
  'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
  Whatever Beauty's charm can boast,
Or sooth the soul with sweetest sound,
  Must paint the idol I have lost.

SONG.

BY JULIA.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain;
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain!

Dear youth! a mutual flame I own:
The sorrows of thy breast are mine;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
I trust the drop that dims thine eye;
I see fair *Truth* thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry *sigh*.

TO JULIA.

Written near her Grave.

MUCH-INJUR'D maid, who liest pale below,
To *thee* a pilgrim sad I steal away;
In mournful silence steal, o'erpow'r'd with woe,
To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh! can thy gentle ghost the *wretch* forgive,
Who seeks thy sod at this lone hour of night—
A wretch, whose greatest hardship is to *live*,
Who, dead to pleasure, sickens at the light?

Oh! if my grief could sooth the sweetest shade,
And pardon gain, which Justice must deny;
Near Julia's ashes should this form be laid;
Its crimes forgotten—then what bliss to die!

Tir'd of the world, my heart no longer prays
(What others covet) for extended years:
For who would madly court a length of days,
To count (alas!) the moments by his tears?

ELEGY.

TO JULIA.

Detained in Italy by contrary Winds, he expresses his Desire for sailing for England.

FAR from my Julia's arms I lonely sigh,
And wish to clasp thy beauties, but in vain;
The surly winds my only wish deny,
Yet would I dare the dangers of the main.

Ye winds and waves, how cruel to combine!
O let my pray'rs your rude rude pity prove;
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine!
Alas! ye know not what it is to *love!*

To stately structures now I urge my way,
And weakly think the minutes to beguile;
But anxious Love will not be led astray:
Love goads my bosom for the virgin's smile.

Now where the painter shows his mimic art,
I strive to free my soul from Love's alarms;
Lo, ev'ry Venus but augments my smart,
And to my view presents thy *brighter* charms.

To Music now fatigu'd I yield my ear,
But Music cannot the dull hours control;
With cold indifference ev'ry chord I hear,
While not a sound descends into my *soul*.

Oft as I mark the tribes of air, I cry,
'How with your pinions would I mount the wind!
Oh! with what rapture lifted, cleave the sky,
And, turn'd to Britain, leave my cares behind!'

In wishes thus, I daily waste my breath,
Chain'd by the tempest to this hated shore;
When shall I leave, alas! this land of death,
For life and thee, to part, my love, no more?

ELEGY.

To a Friend, describing the Horrors of his Situation after the Death of Julia.

FRIEND of my bosom, all my joys are o'er—
Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer mine:
Since Julia, once my idol, lives no more,
To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.

There, as I sit upon the sod, and sigh,
I hear reproof from every happy dove;
In Fancy's ear they cooing seem to cry,
'We know not of inconstancy in love.'

Lo, darkness, tenfold darkness, suits my soul!
The haunts of spectres let me court to weep;
The beach where black with fate the billows roll,
And tempests raise the thunders of the deep.

Thou tellest me that Time a balm will bring,
Sooth ev'ry sigh, and calm my keenest woes:
Go, seek in Winter's wild the blooms of Spring;
Go, whisper to the restless surge, repose!

Love, injur'd Love, a sure revenge can boast;
Love hears my groan, and mocks my soul's despair:
'Bleed, victim, bleed,' he cries—'thy all is lost;
Such be their portion who deceive the fair!'

I thought that Grandeur with a liberal hand
Could strew my path of life with sweetest flow'rs;
That Wealth omnipotent could Time command,
And from his pinions pluck his whitest hours.

Constant in Mem'ry's eye her form appears—
Where'er I tread, a source of woe I find;
In ev'ry rill methinks I see her tears,
And hear her sigh in ev'ry passing wind.

What now remains, my horrors to beguile?
Away, ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away!
Who cannot give my cheek one little smile,
Nor bribe a single moment to be *gay*.

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A LEGENDARY TALE.

Sequiturque patrem, non passibus æquis.
VIRGIL.

I try t' excel legendary tale,
 The lady, gentleman, and miss, of rhime;
In vain, alas! my creeping efforts fail!
 Far, far unequal to *their* march sublime.

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A LEGENDARY TALE.

CANTO I.

'TURN, farmer, turn thy horse's head,
And taste my ale so bright,'
Cried Boniface, whose sign display'd
The Lion in his might.

Yet how unlike the royal beast,
Who for his phiz ne'er sat?
Wherefore deriding tongues did call
The sign, the Old Red Cat!

Yea, much unlike indeed was *it!*
Jove's eagle and a gander,
Matthias and the tuneful Pope,
Lord Rolle and Alexander.

'Who boasts such ale?' quoth Boniface;
'No landlord that draws breath.
A gallon I could fairly drink,
Ev'n in the pangs of death!'

Young Orson from his horse leap'd off,
And shook the landlord's hand,
Then sought a room to taste this ale,
The best in all the land.

The landlord had a red round face,
Which some folks said, in fun,
Resembled his Red Lion's phiz;
And some, the rising sun.

Large slices from his cheeks and chin,
Like beef-steaks, one might cut;
And then his paunch, for goodly size,
Beat any brewer's butt.

This landlord was a boozer stout,
A snuff-taker and smoker;
And 'twixt his eyes a nose did shine
Bright as a red-hot poker.

Were gunpowder put on his snout,
Nor flint it would require,
And steel, to make the sable grains
Flash off in sudden fire.

Thus when we see a nose so red,
It is as day-light clear,
That ruby nose is not maintain'd
On water or small beer.

Young Orson was a comely youth,
Stout as an oaken tree;
A farm he had in Taunton Vale
And money, too, had he!

Whene'er he spied a buxom lass,
His chops began to water;
And as the kites on pigeons pounce,
The rogue was sure to pat her.

But he his neck to wedlock's yoke
Would not consent to bow;
Quoth he, 'The man who milk can buy,
Should never keep a cow!'

Of lovely maids at least a score
Did rue his wanton tricks!
A mournful band! a sable list!
Like moles between cleft sticks!

Now at the table Boniface
  And Orson sat them both,
While 'twixt the twain a pewter-pot,
  Did mantling foam with froth.

Now Orson rais'd the pewter pot,
  And blew the froth away;
And having drank, he smack'd his lips,
  And cheerily did say;

'Old Boniface, thou'rt in the right!
  Thy taste is sound enough;
I wish my cellar now could boast
  A *tun* of such rare stuff!

Sweet Ellen gave the pot with hands
  That might with thousands vie;
Her face, like veal, was white and red,
  And sparkling was her eye.

Her shape the poplar's easy form,
  Her neck the lily's white,
Soft heaving, like the summer wave,
  And lifting rich delight.

And o'er this neck of globe-like mould,
  In ringlets wav'd her hair:
Ah, what sweet contrast for the eye,
  The jetty and the fair!

Her lips like cherries moist with dew,
  So pretty, plump, and pleasing!
And like the juicy cherry, too,
  Did *seem* to ask for *squeezing*.

Yet Ellen modest was withal,
  And kept her charms in order;
For beauty is a dangerous gift,
  And apt to breed disorder.

Yet what is beauty's use, alack!
  To market can it go?
Say, will it buy a loin of veal,
  Or rump of beef? No, no.

Will butchers say, 'Choose what you please,
  Miss Nancy and Miss Betty?'
Or gardners, 'Take my beans and peas,
  Because ye are so pretty?'

Too oft, alas! a daughter's charms
  Increase a parent's cares;
For daughters and *dead fish*, we find,
  Were never *keeping* wares.

Yet spotless was this virgin's heart—
  Quite spotless, too, her fame!
And if a swain but kiss'd her neck,
  It show'd the blush of shame!

For once a saucy Oxford youth
  Dar'd kiss it to a glow—
How like the modest blush of morn
  Upon a hill of snow!

Yet blushes are exceeding scarce;
  The great folk scorn to name 'em,
Since Fashion, ruling with strong sway,
  Has bid all courts disclaim 'em.

Yes, yes! a blush is vastly scarce!
  O fie, O fie upon't!
And when it glows, lo! Fashion calls
  The virtue, *mauvaise honte!*

Oh! can the great for modesty
  Not care a single rush!
Ah! never be a British maid
  A stranger to a *blush!*

Ah! who can pierce the simple heart,
  Give modesty a fear—
Raise with rude hands the burning blush,
  And force the pearly tear?

Yet there are *demons* who delight
  Her panting heart to wound,
Darken with Sorrow's cloud her eye,
  And force the groan profound.

Ah! wanton Fashion, thou loose *dame*,
  Who biddest ev'ry man see
The charms which darkness should conceal,
  And man should only *fancy*.

The ankle, nay, the knee and thigh,
  Are secrets now no more!
God bless us! every day, of each
  A man may see a *score!*

The bishop was not in the wrong,
  But really in the right,
Who at the opera saw *such things*
  As shock'd his holy sight.

Yet some have said, yea, loudly said,
  With many a scornful jeer—
'A poor old wither'd blinking fool,
  What business had he there?'

'If bishops and their wives will leave
  Their church for wanton places;
'Tis rank hypocrisy to make
  A set of prudish faces.'

Now Orson's eyes forsook the pot,
  And mark'd the maid with fire;
For Ellen's fair and artless look
  Did kindle high desire.

For beauty doth possess the charm
  To pull abroad men's eyes,
And wake the wishes of the soul,
  And bid the passions *rise*.

For why? Because 'tis Nature's plan
  The world should be supported;
Therefore, wherever Beauty smiles,
  It will be press'd and courted.

Thus amber doth attract the straws,
  The loadstone draws the needle;
And drawn, too, are the female heels
  By tabor, pipe, and fiddle.

Now Orson whisper'd to himself,
'Gad's bob! if things go right,
With that nice girl who gave the pot
I'll sleep this very night!'

O monstrous thought! O wicked wish!
O soul-destroying sin!
Yet for his soul (O graceless youth!)
He did not care one pin.

Thus on the dolphin's beauteous scale,
The shark he opes his jaw!
Poor fish! who, ere he danger feels,
Is in the tyrant's maw.

Thus spiders when they see a fly,
How bailiff-like they watch it!
And ere, poor imp, he thinks of harm,
The grimly rascals catch it.

CANTO II.

FAIR Ellen liv'd with Boniface
  Nor scorn'd her humble sphere;
And with unsullied fame she drew
  Her customers their beer.

How neat was Ellen in her dress!
  As neat as a new pin!
By this she brought full many a pound
  To Boniface's inn.

Thus goldfinches, in fields well plac'd
  The distant birds engage,
Aud, by their dainty forms and voice,
  Invite them to their cage.

And thus the pastry-cooks should do,
  To sell their tarts and pies;
Put in their shop some pretty lass,
  To hook in passing eyes.

For many a man, whose appetite
  Desires nor pie nor tart,
May like to squeeze a charming girl,
  And ogle for her heart.

Nay, milliners should do the same,
  For custom if they hope;
And many a trade beside should *keep*
  A nice tit in the shop.

And let me own, in times of yore,
  When Love was seldom quiet,
But quicken'd night and day my blood,
  And bred a constant riot;

I bought my garters and my gloves,
  Wherever *Beauty shone*;
When Ugliness was in a shop,
  I let that shop alone.

For beauty may be well compar'd,
  I think, unto a hook;
Which, baited with a lady-bird,
  Draws fishes from the brook.

Ellen was chaste as new-fall'n snow,
  And modest in her air;
Unlike some lasses, common known
  As is a barber's chair.

Of goodly parents was she born,
  But in disguise did rove,
Because a youth to her was false—
  She left her vale for love.

Six years she pass'd in servitude,
  At last forgot the sigh;
Her lover's image forc'd no more
  The pearl-drops from her eye.

Yet many a month she ceas'd to smile,
  And droop'd the languid head;
And many a lonely walk she took,
  The secret tear to shed.

'Ah! happy birds,' she oft would sigh
  Amid the tuneful grove—
'You bear no guile within your hearts,
  You break no vows of love.

'Alas! 'tis *man* alone deceives:
  He wins the witless heart;
Then meanly treads it in the dust,
  And triumphs in his art.'

Thus in her solitary walk
  Would Ellen say and sigh;
And then sweet ditties she would sing,
  Of maids for love that *die*.

For Sorrow listens with fond ear
  To Music's plaintive flow;
Devours the sweetly-dying strain,
  And feeds on tales of woe.

The parish 'squire, though wedded he
  Unto a lady fair,
Hath often at the Lion stopp'd,
  On Ellen's charms to stare.

For married eyes, if not well watch'd,
  Are very apt to stray;
For which some ladies give their lords
  A lesson night and day.

And very properly I wot;
  For eyes of married men
Should only on *one* object look,
  Whereas they stare on *ten*.

A married man should winkers wear,
  Like coach-horses and cart;
To rule the eyes, those squinting pimps,
  That oft seduce the heart.

For so deprav'd our sex, I've known
  A man deep read in books,
Who had a jewel of a wife,
  Yet kiss'd his greasy cooks.

And what did make it ten times worse,
  T'increase his lady's woes;
He kept the bastards of those cooks
  All underneath her nose;

Who, if she dar'd to speak or weep,
  He instantly would kick her;
And oft (to use a Devonshire phrase)
  The gentleman would *lick* her.

Ah! Matrimony, thou art like
  To Jeremiah's figs;
The good were *very good*, the *bad*
  Too sour to give the pigs.

Now to fair Ellen to return—
  The parson of the parish,
Although his *mouth* was most devout,
  His *eyes* were oft vagarish.

For oft on Boniface he call'd,
  The news to ask or tell;
Hoping his ale was fresh and good,
  And that his hogs were well.

And was fair Ellen in the way,
  He catechis'd the maid;
Hoping she always went to church,
  And like a Christian pray'd.

And gently would he squeeze her hand,
  When nobody was near;
And kindly pat her rosy cheek,
  With many a holy leer.

And when the parson took a draught,
  He did persuade the lass
To wet her lovely lips, and leave
  A kiss within the glass.

For ev'n the gravest of divines
  To Beauty's empire yield;
And spite of all their zeal and grace,
  Old Nick hath won the field.

Lo! Bishop Keppel felt the charm,
  And waver'd from his duty:
Confirming once a nice young maid,
  He gave up God for Beauty;

So press'd her head with *amorous* hand,
  When lo, two large black pins,
That slily lurk'd within her hair,
  Attack'd him for his sins.

Deep in his flesh they urg'd their way;
  When, starting, the divine
Exclaim'd, 'G—d d—mn the head! I think
  The girl's a *porcupine*.'

Old Snuffle too, the parish clerk,
  Did sometimes call for ale;
And knew not (when the maid was near)
  If *mild* it was, or *stale*.

Of spectacles that rode his nose,
  He wink'd through each horn'd glass;
And, goat-like, lick'd his watering lips,
  That long'd to buss the lass.

Than o'er his Bible in the pew,
  Of pounds I would lay ten,
Old Snuffle would much rather say,
  O'er Ellen's lips, *amen*.

The dullest eye can beauty see,
  'Tis lightning on the sight;
Indeed it is a general bait,
  And man, the fish, will bite.

Now Boniface talk'd of Lord Rolle,
  A lord in fight so frisky;
Who made an old dame* prisoner,
  And took away her whisky.

And eke on trav'lling corpses seiz'd,
  As fierce as any shark;
And bullied, like a thunder-storm,
  The parson and the clerk.

And now they talk'd of Sunday schools,
  Once deem'd a glorious thing;
Prais'd and supported by the great,
  Admir'd by queen and king.

* Actually in Ireland, where his lordship performed prodigies of valour.

But now 'gainst Sunday schools, alack,
The great folk turn their faces;
For fear the poor, by learning, should
Grow wiser than their *graces*.

For no *great man* indeed can bear
That *man* of *low degree*
Should read and write, since that poor man
May be as wise as he.

There is a lofty dame call'd Pride,
With corns upon her toes:
On which the *mob* is apt to tread,
And very oft, God knows.

Now this high dame companion is
Of lords, and dukes, and kings;
And duchesses, and eke of queens,
Indeed, and such like things.

And lo! she whispers to the great
To keep themselves aloof;
Nay, crush the poor like some sad worm
Beneath a horse's hoof.

And lo! the great her counsel take,
And ears of poor folks crop;
Nay, flog the poor at times, poor souls!
As schoolboys flog a top.

Now of a princess sweet they talk'd,
And pitied her hard fate;
'O Lord! O Lord!' said Boniface,
'Heav'n keep me from high state!'

'Poor lady!' Orson pitying said,
'I've seen her many a time;
And seen the baby too with tears,
And ask'd about her crime.

'However people may invent,
Whatever folks shall say,
I won't believe—but think her still
A jewel flung away.

"Such sweetness never could offend—
Then what's her guilt?" I cry'd;
'But folks seem'd all afraid to speak,
And shook the head, and sigh'd.'

Then Ellen said, 'I would not be
A princess, for the world.'—
'Thou'rt more,' quoth Orson, 'or may I
To Old Nick's house be hurl'd!'

'Thou art a queen,' exclaims the youth;
And for a kiss he starts—
'Who! I?' rejoin'd th' astonish'd maid—
'Yes, *thou*—the *queen* of *hearts*.'

The maid receiv'd the youth's salute
With such a modest air,
As though from Mistress Stevenson's*,
The empress of Queen-square.

Now, gentle reader, with thy leave,
I'll rest my tuneful tongue;
And shun of nightingales the fate,
Who die by too much song.

* A lady who keeps a boarding-school.

CANTO III.

AND now they talk'd of good great men,
  Who by their merits rise;
When Bishop Porteus was the theme;—
  Great, though of little size:

Who, though before the Chancellor
  He humbly bore the mace,
Did at the *last* a mitre wear;
  Such friends are Faith and Grace.

Now Boniface did loud exclaim,
  For wondrous proud was he:
'D'ye know that this same bishop's wife
  No better was than *me?*

'No better, though the lofty wife
  Of this most grand divine!
Her father did an alehouse keep,
  No better, man, than *mine!*

'There Madam Porteus, a young maid,
  Did draw the ale and beer;
And drew good customers, 'tis said,
  Indeed from far and near.

'When Parson Porteus trudg'd that way—
  Now see how things may hap!
And, sweating, took a pint of *stout*
  From this young maiden's tap.

'Now Love within the pewter pot,
So wondrous is his art,
Lurk'd sly, and as the parson swill'd,
Slipp'd down into his *heart*.

'At once he glow'd with furious flame,
And ey'd the comely she;
And very soon he squeez'd her hand,
For wounded much was he.

'Thus, when the linnet flies to drink
To some fair crystal spring,
By lime-twigs quickly is he caught
And cannot move a wing.

'Now soon as the young girl's papa
The courtship did explore,
He took them by the shoulders both,
And shov'd them both to door.

'As Adam and his dearest Eve
Left Eden with a tear;
So Porteus with his sweetheart left
The tap-room and the beer.

'Forth wander'd they in homely plight,
Griev'd that their plan miscarried;
But soon, in spite of poverty,
The loving pair were married.

'Nor proud is Mistress Porteus now,
Though lofty is her lot;
For glad is she old friends to see,
And *eke* a pewter pot.'

Thus ended Boniface; and now
They talk'd of Hannah More,
Whose fame the bishop's trumpet sounds,
That makes a mighty roar.

Then on each other they did wink,
Which thus might be translated;
Some people may a mitre wear,
And yet be *shallow-pated*.

And now they prais'd the bishop's care,
Who makes it all his pride
To see the clergy *well* behave,
And on their cures reside.

For, lo! the bishop finds it hard
Unto their cures to pull 'em;
Though he, *good* man, for reasons *wise*,
Doth seldom preach at Fulham.

'I fear some bishops are in fault,'
Quoth Boniface, and sigh'd—
'They are a proud and haughty set.'—
'Too true,' the youth replied.

'Over poor curates' backs, alas!
How Jehu-like they drive!
And, Lord! how these old drones will suck
The honey of the hive?'

Of Dame Religion now they talk'd,
Belov'd by each divine;
Who thinks their wealthy patroness
All in a deep decline.

To bring her back to health again,
Of *recipes* a score
Good Doctor Porteus jointly wrote
With *Parson* Hannah More.

For, lo! the dame with these great *folk*
Has always been in favour;
For which they both for her would fight,
And risk their all to save her.

Most grossly was she us'd in France;
Most cruelly, alack!
Her pockets pick'd, and her best clothes
All pilfer'd from her back.

The French swore she a bastard was
Of some old canting friar;
And from her childhood known to be
A hypocrite and liar.

Her rings they robb'd, and di'monds too;
  Her gold they stole by tuns;
With which they shot and powder bought,
  Swords, muskets, and great guns.

Not only this, indeed, was done
  By this same rabble rout;
They broke the bones of saints, and kick'd
  The saintesses about.

Such was their treatment by the mob,
  Such rage did Hell inspire;
If *gold*, they coin'd them; and, if *wood*,
  They put them in the fire.

Old jawbones of the sainted tribes
  Old teeth, old nails, old noses,
Old toes, old shoes, that wonders work'd,
  As ev'ry one supposes.

Old wigs, and night-caps, gowns, and rags,
  Spoon, trencher, knife and fork;
Pap-spoon, and frying-pan, and spit,
  That many a marvel work.

'Religion was a gentle maid,'
  Quoth Boniface agen—
'In the year *one;* but *since* she's spoil'd
  By wicked artful men.

'The bishops taught her to be proud,
  And heap of wealth a store;
To paint her cheeks, and wear the garb
  Of some sad tawdry w——.

'I think she is too well dress'd out
  By ev'ry great divine.'—
'Indeed,' quoth Orson with a sigh,
  'I think she goes too fine.'

Of Peter Pindar now they talk'd,
  Who so *divinely* sings;
Renown'd from pole to pole for odes,
  And *compliments* to kings.

Then, raptur'd, on his works they dwelt,
And on his high pretension;
Lamenting much he had not got
From majesty a pension:

While parasites, and pimps to lords,
Enjoy'd their wealth and state;
While he, poor soul, did make wry mouths
Upon an empty plate.

On which they sagely did remark,
That slight was merit's meed;
And that the sun, for *one* fair *flow'r*,
Did foster many a *weed*.

'I have his works,' quoth Boniface,
'This moment in the house;
Pray, Farmer, did you ever read
His poem on a Louse?

'And Apple Dumplings, and chok'd Sheep,
The Pilgrims and the Peas:
The Brick-kiln, Brewhouse, Parson Young,
And Songs that ladies please?'

'This great man's poems I have read;
Yes, over, sir, and over,'
Quoth Orson, with a wink and smile
That pleasure did discover.

'But then,' said he, and gave a shrug,
'*Some* aldermen and may'r
Swore that his impudence is such,
It bristled up their hair:

'Said that he grins too much at courts,
And never would refrain;
And in respect of titled folk,
Was wicked as Tom Paine.

'They call'd him ev'ry name that's bad,
Turk, Infidel, and Jew;
And wanted, when they burnt his books,
To burn the *author too*.'

'O shameful aldermen and may'r,
To burn so sweet a bard!'
Cry'd Boniface—'alas! alas!
'Twas very, very hard.

'The Justice too, I do suppose,
Did hate him from his marrow;
And with as much good-will would shoot
The *poet* as a *sparrow*.

'I hope this wondrous man of verse
Is steel'd with resolution;
As virtuous people, in all times,
Have suffer'd persecution.'

And now they talk'd of one George Rose,
Who born in low estate,
Did mount to worship and to wealth—
So very blind is fate.

Of George's *mother* then they talk'd,
Her hut, and dirty geer;
And said, that George allow'd his dam
But thirty pounds a year.

Poor crone, who swore she would have more,
Or, lo! his pride to sting,
She'd run to London in her rags,
And show them to the king.

But George disliketh much to hear
About his Scottish home;
Thus *scabby heads*, the proverb says,
For ever hate a *comb*.

And now of Hawkesbury they talk'd,
Who wrote in *mags* for hire;
Whose works, till in the chimney put,
Ne'er felt one spark of *fire*.

Of *taxes* now they talk'd, and curs'd
The emperor o'er and o'er;
And then on Paul they pour'd some gall,
And very loudly swore.

'The game laws too,' quoth Boniface,
Provoke me to the quick;
We must not knock a pheasant down,
Although 'tis with a *stick*.

'Curse on the justices, the thieves,
That send a man to jail,
For touching, with an inch of gun,
A partridge or a quail:

'Who threat my *licence* too to take,
And *ding*, and huff, and vapour,
Because I won't be *humm'd*, and buy
George Rose's stupid paper*!'

Now talk'd they of the princesses
Elizabeth and Mary,
Whose taste in all the polish'd arts
Is most extraordinary.

* *Which* of the two papers is meant by Boniface, we cannot ascertain; as the Sun was accustomed to *lick up* the *leavings* of the poor dead or *dying* True Briton, and disgorge for the *benefit* of the public: either of those newspapers, therefore, may be alluded to by the landlord, as their respective merits are rather *beneath the dignity of criticism*. We must say, indeed, that every exertion has been made, particularly by the Post-Office, to *cram* their trash down the throats of the nauseating people of England. A newspaper is made the *test* of our political principles. Is the Morning Post, or the Courier, or the Morning Chronicle called for, the man is branded with the odious name of *jacobin*. Yet who reads of a *defeat* in these ministerial hirelings? *Pæans* are for ever sung: *British laurels* neither decrease nor fade—all alive and blooming! Victory attends the chariot of every *Brisish Mars*—and the *fool's-cap* which the conquering and contemptuous enemy now and then clapped on the heads of some of our generals, has been, by the *hocus pocus* of a misrepresenting newspaper, converted into a triumphal crown.

Then of the sweetness of their looks,
  Their manners all so mild;
That win, where'er they pass, the heart
  Of man, and maid, and child.

And let me also join *my* praise,
  Before I further sing;
The Muse with rapture oft hath mark'd
  The daughters of the king.

And if *her* voice could pour a strain,
  To yield their hearts delight;
Lo! all Parnassus with their names
  Should ring from morn to night.

CANTO IV.

NOW Negress Night came solemn down
  To put to roost the fowls;
To bid her bats a hunting go,
  And likewise all her owls.

And eke she op'd the dreary tombs,
  T' enjoy her spectre races;
Unlocking ghosts, to frighten folk
  With shrouds and mealy faces.

And now amid the hags and owls.
  And gliding spectres pale,
Mute silence, with her feet in felt,
  Did stalk from vale to vale.

The birds their thatch and bushes sought,
  Forsaking trees and springs,
To hide their slumbering heads beneath
  Those downy quilts, their wings.

Now Darkness, with her pinions black,
  All waving wide outspread,
Mov'd solemn, and with horror join'd,
  Did wrap the world in shade.

Now Theft and Murder sly stole forth
  From caves of dread and death,
In quest of damned deeds, to roam
  The wild and spectred heath;

To meet some wanderer of the shade,
And make his life their food:
To seize his throat with ruffian grasp,
And plunge their knives in blood.

And now amid the London streets,
Poor outcasts from their home,
The female bands, ah! lost to fame,
(Sweet beauty's wrecks!) did roam.

For *these*, let pity heave the sigh,
And prudery stay her rage:
And rather curse seducing *pimps*,
The G-ff—ds of the age:

Who prowl where innocence appears,
And watch for beauty's smile;
To tear the rose-bud from its bed,
Then *stamp* it in the soil.

Now artfully, with rueful face.
Did Orson, cunning spark,
Step to the door, and cry, 'It rains—
And, Lord! how dismal dark!

'And then the wind it is so high,
That I can scarcely stand;
And then the sky's like murder black,
I cannot see my hand.'

'Sleep here, my friend,' the landlord said:
'A bed, but not of flocks,
Is thine—of feathers nice and soft,
Pick'd all from hens and cocks.

'Fine too the sheets—like lilies white,
And warm too is the rug;
And trust me that it has not got
A single flea or bug.

'A little supper we will have;
And, if I'm not mistaken,
Thou likest *meat*—now what dost say,
My friend, to eggs and bacon?'

To which the smiling youth reply'd
'I'm vastly fond of hog;
And when 'tis fry'd with eggs, I vow
I know no prettier prog.'

Now Ellen, with a knife so keen,
To slice the flesh began;
And then she broke twelve new-laid eggs,
And put them in the pan.

But growing warm against the hog,
The eggs unpleasant *mutter'd;*
While, waxing hotter 'gainst the eggs,
The hog with fury *sputter'd.*

Alas! how much like man and wife!
What pity such things be!
Who at each other fiercely spit,
And often disagree.

The eggs and bacon soon were fry'd,
And plac'd upon the table;
When Orson and the landlord ate
As much as they were able.

And now the merry mug went round,
And many a tale they told;
And many a wanton joke they crack'd,
Some new, and others old.

While Ellen, busy at her work,
Seem'd not one word to hear;
But not a serious word or joke
Escap'd the maiden's ear.

For where is she, the maid, I wot,
'Mongst high or humble folk,
That liketh not a merry tale,
Nor yet a wanton joke?

Now Boniface to Orson said,
'As we no longer munch,
Suppose, my friend, with this our ale,
We take a glass of punch?'

To which the youth did answer make,
 'Dear friend, with all my heart:
And Ellen shall the lemons squeeze,
 And likewise take a part.

'And Ellen too with *us* shall sit,
 And take her cheerful glass;
For what is meat and drink, and life,
 Without a charming lass?'

Now Ellen did the lemons squeeze,
 The sugar put, and rum in;
And made what ev'n a *king* would call
 A bowl of liquor *humming*.

'Landlord,' quoth Orson, 'with your leave,
 And Ellen's *too* I mean,
I'll take a kiss from her nice lips,
 That would adorn a queen.

'Aye,' cry'd the landlord, 'kiss her, man,
 She's sweeter than the rose;
A kiss can do no mighty harm;
 So, girl, hold up thy nose.'

Then from those cherries of delight
 He kisses took a score;
And, but for decency, the rogue
 Had ravish'd twenty more.

For kisses are the food of love,
 Well known in ev'ry nation;
And such a dainty dish, indeed,
 Will ne'er be out of fashion.

And ladies' lips the *out-works* I
 To ladies' hearts may call;
Soon as the *first* are storm'd, the *last*
 Most nat'rally will fall.

'Now sing a song,' said Boniface,
 'Thy best, and do not grudge it.'
'Yes, that I will,' the youth reply'd,
 'I've many in my budget.'

Then Orson op'd his throat, and sang,
Both loud, and sweet, and clear,
A song that much the landlord charm'd,
And *caught* fair Ellen's ear.

SONG,

BY ORSON.

I OWN I am fickle: to Phillida's ear
I first told the story of love;
Kiss'd her hand, press'd her lip with what ardour sincere!
And declar'd that I never would rove.

But my sighs were scarce breath'd when Chloe tripp'd by:
The nymph was no longer my boast;
From Phillida's beauty away went the sigh,
And my heart to sweet Chloe was lost.

Could I dream of a change, when Chloe was mine?
'No, no,' I a thousand times swore;
My heart cannot rove from a girl so divine;
No, no, it will wander no more.'

But Fate, who delighted to laugh at the swain,
Presented a damsel more fair;
My heart! the sad rogue, turn'd inconstant again,
And sigh'd to Corinna his pray'r.

With Corinna I swore, 'Ev'ry hour *must* be blest;
These eyes shall no other pursue;'
When agen, to alarm with new tumults my breast,
Thou, Sylvia, beam'st full on my view.

But, Sylvia, I'm sure thou hast *nothing* to fear,
That my heart for another can pine;
Since, to make it a traitor, a girl must appear,
Whose beauty is *equal* to *thine*.

'Now sing thy song,' the lark-like youth
To Boniface did say;
When Boniface most loudly sung
This merry roundelay.

SONG,

BY BONIFACE.

TOPER, drink, and help the house—
Drink to ev'ry honest fellow;
Life was never worth a louse
To the man who ne'er was mellow.

How it sparkles! here it goes!
Ale can make a blockhead shine;
Toper, torchlike may thy nose
Light thy face up, just like mine!

See old Sol, I like his notion,
With his whiskers all so red;
Sipping, drinking from the ocean,
Boozing till he goes to bed;

Yet poor beverage to regale!
Simple stuff to help his race—
Could he turn the sea to ale,
How 'twould make him mend his pace!

Now Boniface to Ellen said,
'Now for thy roundelay;'
The damsel blush'd, and hemm'd, and blush'd,
And then she sung away.

SONG,

BY ELLEN.

ADIEU to the grotto and glade!
Adieu to the song of the grove!
Since Colin is gone from the shade,
Adieu to the valley of Love!

When a garland he wove for my hair,
When he gave me his hand at the stile,
How buxom and sweet was the air!
How the fields were all cloth'd with a smile!

But Nature seems chang'd to my mind—
The fields are all dark on my eye;
Each song is a dirge on the wind,
And the flow'rs seem all drooping to die.

All alone must I wander at morn,
And lonely, at eve, a poor ghost;
While each object around me forlorn,
Will pity the peace I have lost.

Then ask me not, virgins, to stay;
With a sigh seems the zephyr to blow;
And the runlet that murmurs away,
To wind with a *murmur* of woe.

O ye virgins! O shepherds! farewell!
I wander in secret to pine!
May Content be the guest of *your* cell,
Who has long been a stranger to *mine*!

The youth upon her tuneful lips
  Did full of rapture glote;
And seem'd so pleas'd, as though he could
  Have gallop'd down her throat.

He look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd
  With longing wishful eye;
And felt his heart all flutt'ring beat,
  And *guess'd* the reason why.

For who can see the lovely maid,
  And feel not sweet desire?
With *him* may Life's fair prospects fade,
  And Hope itself expire!

The clock, the crier shrill of time,
  That tick'd behind the door,
Now with his hammer struck the bell
  Twelve times, and lo! no more.

And now the fire was all put out,
  Which Boniface did water;
For fear a spark might burn the house,
  And make a serious matter!

For fire, permitted once to rule,
  Consumeth all it handles;
Ev'n from the palaces of kings,
  Down to a pound of candles.

The cat amid the ashes purr'd
  (For purs to cats belong);
While chimney-minstrels, *crickets* call'd,
  Did join Grimalkin's song.

O gentle crickets, to your airs
  I've listen'd o'er and o'er!
O lucky imps, where'er ye dwell,
  That house is never poor.

Old Towzer too lay stretch'd along,
And yelping much did keep;
And with his trembling joints did chase
The rabbits in his sleep:

Eager he seem'd to hunt indeed
The nibblers to their holes:
Thus *dogs* can dream like *gentlemen*,
Although they have no souls.

Now Boniface said, 'Sir, good night,'
And shook young Orson's fist.
'Good night,' agen young Orson said,
And then he Ellen kiss'd;

And on her pouting lip he left
A thousand wanton wishes:
'Good night,' quoth he, 'fair maid, whose eyes
Eclipse thy pewter dishes.'

Yes, 'twas a kiss!—a kiss indeed!—
A very *wanton* kiss!
Which seem'd upon her mouth to say,
I long for *higher* bliss.

CANTO V.

NOW as he kiss'd her, on her neck
  A golden cross he spied :—
' Who gave thee *this ?*' the starting youth,
  All fraught with wonder cried.

' A young man gave me this,' quoth she
  (And then she dropp'd a tear),
' A youth who won my heart away,
  And still to me is dear.

' But riches forc'd him from these arms ;
  And men do wealth adore ;
And thus he left my heart to pine,
  For I was rather poor.

' A damsel of a great estate
  Did steal his heart away ;
At which I left my native vale,
  For there I could not stay.

' For who can stand the scoffs and jeers
  That bitter flow like gall :
So when I lost my sweetheart's love,
  Alas ! I lost my *all.*

' Where now he lives, God only knows ;
  Five years it is and more,
That here in Hampshire I have dwelt,
  And here my loss deplore.

Methought, sir, when the mug of beer
This very night I drew,
That Orson, whom I thought my own,
Did much resemble *you*.

'My heart so beat, my head turn'd round;
My eyes both misty taken—
I almost dropp'd the frying-pan,
With all the eggs and bacon.'

'My Ellen sweet,' the youth replied,
And hugg'd her to his heart;
'Behold that Orson thou hast lost,
And we will never part.

'I am not married—no, my dear;
To marry I am free;
And I have searched half England through,
To gaze again on *thee*.

'But thou wert gone the Lord knows where,
And wert not to be found;
But all the neighbours said with sighs
Thou certainly wert *drown'd*.'

'O Orson dear,' the maid replied,
'And am I in thy arms?'
'Thou art, thou art,' the youth rejoin'd—
And closely press'd her charms.

'How was't I knew thee not?' quoth she—
Quoth he, 'I wasn't so big;
And now thou seest I wear my *hair*,
And then I wore a *wig*.'

'Ah me! I recollect,' quoth she,
'Full well thy *natty bob*;
And then I only wore my hair,
And now I wear a *mob*.'

'Sweet Ellen,' cry'd the raptur'd youth,
'The reason now is plain,—
The mob and ribbon are the cause
I knew thee not again.

'I think that thou art taller grown
Thy shape's so nice and clever;
And without compliment thou art
A prettier girl than ever.

'Landlord, behold the girl for whom
I've hunted round and round.'
'Gadsbob,' cried Boniface, 'what luck!
The lost sheep then is found.'

To tell the joys of both their hearts,
Would puzzle my poor pen;
But lo, they kiss'd, and sigh'd, and kiss'd,
And kiss'd and sigh'd agen.

And now they did a sixpence break,
In plight of mutual troth;
While Boniface, with happy looks,
Did smile upon them both.

'Well, now, good folks,' quoth Boniface,
'I'll leave you, if ye choose,
To tell your tale, while I go take
A comfortable *snooze*.'

Thus having said, Old Boniface
March'd, hobbling, off to bed;
And put a good red night-cap on,
Of yarn, about his head.

Night-caps of different stuff are made:
Of different colours, too—
Of flannel, and of cotton some;
Some yellow, and some blue.

Sleep is an article we want,
Although it looks like death;
Since all from mortals seem retir'd,
Except it be the breath.

How often have I said and thought,
Lost in reflection deep,
'What pity 'tis, since life's so short,
To spend one half in sleep!

'But then,' quoth I unto myself,
'Sleep calms the folks that *fret*;
Is kind to souls with hungry maws,
And people much in debt.

'Nay, sleep has this advantage too,
It goodly feasts doth make;
And furnisheth rare food in *dreams*
We cannot find *awake*.'

Now Orson with his Ellen sat,
The damsel on his knee;
No loving couple in the world
Were blest like he and she.

And now they smil'd and told old tales
That happen'd when they courted;
Together when to fairs they went,
And danc'd, and play'd, and sported.

Time stole most happily away!
While Boniface, *above*,
Lay senseless snoring, *they below*,
Alive were making love.

Now morning from her clouded east
Did through the window peep
Upon the playful loving pair,
Whose eyes look'd not for sleep.

For they were otherwise employed
In ogling soft desire;
In telling stories of the heart,
And fanning Love's sweet fire.

Their eyelids did not once *pick straws*,
And wink and sink away;
No, no, they were as brisk as bees,
And amorous things did say.

For eyes are eloquent, though mute:
They speak all sorts of tongues;
Such very cunning things are eyes—
Such pow'r to them belongs.

Now Ellen unto Orson said,
'Retire, my friend, to rest;
Thou with thy journey must be tir'd,
And I will seek my nest.'

'Ah! Ellen, I feel no fatigue,'
Said Orson, with a smile;
'I am this moment fresh as though
I had not rid a mile.

''Tis thou hast giv'n me spirits gay,
And made my heart so light;
Well, Ellen, now I think 'tis time
Indeed to bid good night.

And now he took her in his arms,
And said, 'Good night, my dear;'
When Ellen said 'Good night' agen,
And dropp'd the tenderest tear.

It was a tear—a precious tear,
More worth than di'monds bright;
For love and friendship form'd the drop,
That charm'd young Orson's sight.

As down her cheek this pearl did flow,
Young Orson, mad with bliss,
Quick to her cheek his lips applied,
And caught it with a kiss.

Then gallantly the young man said,
And swore of oaths a round—
'That pearl of thine, my lovely girl,
Shall never kiss the ground.

'O dearest Ellen, mind my words,
And mind I tell thee true:
Wherever that bright gem had dropp'd,
The ground had been *Peru*.

'But I will go, since 'tis thy wish:
My angel fair, good night;
Sweet dreams to thee, my only dear,
Aye, dreams of rich delight.'

'Sweet dreams unto my friend also,'
With *sweetest* smiles,' said *she*;
'Ah, then of Ellen I must *dream*,'
With gallantry said *he*.

And now they both retir'd to rest,
Both bidding soft farewell;
And which was happiest in their dreams,
Is difficult to tell.

Now Sol had mounted up the sky
A pair of yards at least,
When from their beds the couple sprung,
And very soon were drest.

To breakfast down they happy came,
With Boniface *likewise*;
Who stretch'd his limbs, and yawn'd, and gap'd,
And open'd both his eyes.

For Boniface's eyes had long
The *winks* of Love forgot;
Preferring to the fairest maid,
A foaming pewter pot.

To tea and toast down sat they all;
And not long after tarried—
Before they went before the priest,
And happily were married.

'And now,' said Boniface with glee,
'You shall not go away;
A sumptuous dinner I will give
In honour of the day.'

Now goose and turkey came, and hare,
And apple-pie and custard;
And chicken and asparagus,
And Yorkshire ham and mustard.

And friends invited to partake,
Did from the village come;
Of different ages were they all,
Some young, and aged some.

Within the house did mirth resound ;
Without, with cheerful ray,
Sol pour'd his radiance on the roof,
And all the world was gay!

The chirping sparrows came in flocks,
And linnets with a tune ;
And round in merry gambols flew,
To hail the *honey-moon.*

The wrens delighted cock'd their tails,
And twitter'd many an air;
While redbreasts trilling through the panes,
Peep'd in upon the pair.

And *eke* the pigeons, birds of love,
Did sport upon the thatch ;
And coo'd and bill'd, and flapp'd their wings
In honour of the match.

No happier hours were known—so swift
The moments took their flight;
'Twas laugh and song, and gibe and joke,
And stories of delight.

At night all slily from their friends
The couple stole away;
Which night, if I don't much mistake,
Was happier than the *day*.

God prosper long the married state,
And give it every bliss !
And may we kiss the nymphs we *please*
And *please* the nymphs we *kiss!*

NEW-OLD BALLADS.

Written by Queen Elizabeth, during her Imprisonment at Woodstock.

AH! woe is mee, who sighe forlorne,
Sith woe has fixed depe his thorne
In thys poor harte!
The milkmaid's songe when morne doeth smyle,
And Phœbus gildeth fielde and style,
Doth greefe emparte.

I envy birdes that cleave the skye;
Ye live in freedom, imps! I sighe,
Then droppe a teare:
And eke I cast an envious looke
Upon the little babbling brooke
That runneth neare.

Like the swete brooke I wish to flee
From fielde to fielde in merry glee;
But my poor harte doth pant in vayne
To joine the milkmayde on the plaine,
Who seemes so blest!
Dispayre approaches, and thus cryes:
'To Freedom cease to turne thine eyes
Sith I'm thy guest.'
O drear companion! ah, most drear!
Whose voice is horror to mine ear!

TO THE GLASS.

GIVE me the glasse that felt her lippe,
And happy, happy shall I sippe:
And when is fled the daintie wyne,
Something remaineth still divyne.

Heaven's dewes that on the flower doe falle,
Make them to smyle and fayre withal;
And thus the dewe of her sweet kisse
Doth bathe my heart with balmy blisse:

But dewes to vapoure flye awaye,
While her rich fragrance lasts for aye.

J. D.

TO THE DAISIE.

O MODEST flower! thou tellest of the springe!
Welcome unto this little fielde of myne!
With joy I see thee from the green earth springe,
And smiling in thy silvery vesture shine!

Ah! nought disturbeth thy fayre tender frame;
Zephyrus kisseth thee, and tastes thy sweet:
Thou dost not chide the wanton rogue—no blame,
Nor biddest him sighe lowly at thy feet:

Agayne he whispereth love; and now agayne
He tasteth of thy honey'd leaves, and sighs!
And though he wantons, thou dost not complayne;
Thy little snowy bosom nought denyes.

O gentle daisie! speak to her I love
  When she doeth come, and casteth lookes on thee;
Persuade her my pure passion to approve,
  And not with coldness from her shepheard flee:

But imitate thy ways, and learne thy smyle,
  When I, like Zephyrus, doe press her cheke;
Then may no tempest rude thy form defyle,
  And of thy snowy beauties make a wreck!

A PRAISE OF FAYRE GERALDINE,

BY LORD SURREY.

I SIGHE mournfulle for Geraldine,
  For lovelie Geraldine I playne;
And oft I wish her harte was mine,
  But vaine are sighes, and teares are vaine.

But she perchaunce mote cruel be,
  And slighten of Cupid the bande,
Because she may not fynde a he
  That meriteth her lilied hande.

Ah me! sith none but *such* may wooe,
  And turne to her with hope his eyes;
Far hence fayre Geraldine must goe,
  And seek a lover in the skyes.

BALLADE OF LOVE.

THOU art the loadsterre of my love,
  Which love doth many tempests fynde;
But thou canst all the stormes remove,
  And whisper calme unto my mynde.
Thy balmy breathe can fille the sayle,
And bless me with a prosperous gale.

But, no—for this I may not hope;
  On rocks thou doomest me to mourne:
My vessel without maste or rope,
  All on the black rock piece-meal torne:
And there I wis without a sighe,
Thou lettest my poore vessel lye,

But if thy smile would fix on me,
  A safe porte then my shippe may fynde,
Then Phœbus' beams break out, I see,
  And leave the tossing waves behinde.
With jocund heart then I do prove,
Thou art the loadsterre of my love.

BALLADE OF GRIEF.

I KNOW not joy, when far from thee,
For thou art all the world to me:
    Then come away.
Though thou art farre, yet Love's swift darte,
For ever flying, wounds my harte,
    From day to day.

I seeke to slepe away the hours,
But thy image my calme devours,
And kepes me waking :
And when, alack! I close myne eye,
I starte, and with keene anguish sighe,
'*Thou'rt me forsaking!*'

Then come, fayre mayde, and with thee bringe
In thy twin cheeks the blossom'd springe,
And sommer's gold
In thy twin eyes, that I may find
The sommer's beam within my mind,
Not winter's cold.

THE PETITION OF THE LOVER.

AH! say not 'No' unto my pray'r,
For I have loved thee full long;
To these twin eyes thou art most fayre,
Surpassing praise of sweetest song.
Then say not 'No' unto my pray'r,
But be so kind as thou art fayre.

Why art thou with rare beauty blest?
Only to bless mankynde, I wiss;
Not for to robbe the harte of rest,
But fill it with a sea of blisse.
Then say not 'No' unto my pray'r,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

The sunne was made to warme the earthe,
And plenty make, and kepe off blite;
So should thy beauty's sunne give birthe
To our souls' harvests of delyte.
Then say not 'No' unto my pray'r,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

ON AN INCONSTANT.

THOSE peerless lips are both forsworne;
Those lips that roses blooms adorn,
Ah, too deceiving fayre!
I thought no guile upon thy tongue,
I thought that mouth could say no wrong,
Nor lay for hearts a snare.

But now I see thy vaine, vaine mind,
And now thy cruelty I find
That taketh pride in woe:
In every sigh thy guile I hear,
And see my wrongs in ev'ry tear
Which Sorrow bids to flow.

Where'er I go, I hear thy name,
And hear fierce Anger cry out 'Shame!'
On beauty so renown'd.
Know, beauty was design'd for joy,
Which thou dost cruelly employ
To give the world a wound.

THE LOVER'S PITYE.

MY lute, who makedst sweetest sound,
Awake thee now, alack! to playne;
Sith my poore harte doth feel a wound,
And never may rejoice again!
Oh, let thy sounds with my sighs flow,
For her who lies in deth below!

O lute! how jocund was thy voice
When she did make thy chords rejoice,
  When roses blushed on her cheek!
But now that she in deth lies pale,
Thy voice must tell a doleful tale,
  And every harte with sorrow breake!

My lute, thou must no more be gladde,
But tune to dying straines and sadde,
  And think no more of *jouissance*.
Griefe openeth of myne eyes the springes,
And oft my teares will wet thy stringes,
  And make thee mourne our dread mischance.
Then list to me, my favourite lute—
Be sadde, or lye for ever mute!

TO A FLY.

By the Princess Elizabeth, in Prison.

THOU little animal, I'wiss,
  Thou seemest me a child of bliss,
And runnest, fleest here and there
Withoute a pang, and eke a tear;
While, borne to thinke of sceptres, I
Do envy thee, thou little fly!

Fortune doth make small giftes to me,
But what is mine I give to thee:
The bread, the wine upon my boarde,
I yield to thee with much accorde.
Come when thou list, and to thy mynde
Thou something to thy taste shall fynde.

Though gladde thou frisketh to and fro,
Thy life, poor worme, is shorte, I know;
A little while thy legs outspread,
I see thee on the table ded;
And, while thou art at peace, I wail,
And think on thy lyfe's little tale.

But while thou canst my crumbs enjoy,
Thou here may hum withoute annoy;
Runne here and there, and spread thy wing,
And with thy own companions sing.
Though man be cruel unto me,
My hand shall give delyte to thee.

ON THE FAYRE GERALDYNE.

GOE, Muse, to Hunsdon, and espye
What giveth to myne harte a sighe;
And yet to every other harte
Bright floodes of joyance doeth emparte.

There may thou see a sunne that cloude
Didde never yet with darkness shroude;
And straunge, no mortals on that sunne
Withouten hurte may looke uponne.

Now, Lady Muse, should it be so,
Thou doest not this my loadsterre knowe,
Goe unto Hunsdon, caste thyne eien
On all the world's fayre Geraldyne.

THE BRENNED MOTH,

A BALLADE.

AH! silly moth, what hast thou done?
To such mishap why didst thou runne?
Brent be thy legges, and eke thy wings,
And Fate doth pierce thee with his stings.

What folly could thy mynde perswade
To leave thy fields of dew and shade,
Where glow-worms light with lanterns sheen
The little elves that praunce the green?

There mightest thou on pennons light
Enjoy the silence of mute nighte,
And flicker hill and vale around,
Withoute a foe—withoute a wound.

Poor fly!—but why thy folly blame?
We, wiser mortals, act the same!
On mad ambitious fires we gaze,
And, doating, perish in the blaze.

WYATT TO BRYAN,

FROM HIS PRISON.

THE summer of my hope is ded,
Whyche made my daies so passing fayre:
Now Hope no more may lift her hed,
Sore chilled by wynter of despayre.

But, Bryan, my dark prison doore
  Doest boast of lyght when thou dost come;
Syth Frendshipp's sun hath beames a store,
  To make a palace of a tombe.

Then come, and Frendshipp's beame y spred,
And I'll forget that Hope is ded.

WYATT TO POINS,

IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

To crawle in courtes is bondage harde!
  For who y chooseth chaines I wot?
Yet some, for pleasures of rewarde,
  Wil flatter—and blow colde and hot.

But Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

What be our wants?—some thinges, not all.
  Contentment lyeth not in heaps;
Who hath a littel field, though small,
  It grete is, if enough he reaps.

Then Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

SIR T. WYATT.

Retired to the Country, to Arlington, where he passed a Life of Tranquillity: he despised Harry the Eighth's Court.—Wyatt boasts of his Liberty.

FREE am I nowe—I courtes do follow not,
But myne own pleasure dayly I persuè;
I aske aboute no courtiers—no, God wot,
Sith I to courtes have bidden longe adieu:
For when at courtes, on hands and knees they crawl,
Like whipped dogs, and be for aye inthrall.

When morne doth glister, oft bayte I myne hook,
And forthe I go the river's bank besyde;
And there I privilye do searche the brooke,
And trye if fish unneath the surface glyde.
And often do I bringe them to the lande,
And then unhooke them with a happy hande.

She whoame I love doth sumtime straye,
And sees me dragge the pris'ner from the floude;
And that it is most cruelle, she doth saye,
To spille of little fish the harmless bloode.
'Eche little fish,' she telleth with a teare,
'Which thou dost kille, perchaunce hath got his dere.'

And oft she pulleth a fish from my hande,
And putteth him agayne into the brooke;
Sayinge, 'Go fishe, thyne liberty commande,
And learne t'avoide, poor foole, the hyden hooke.'
And then she smylinge doth a moral fynde,
And lykeneth fishe betray'd to woman-kynde.

A BALLADE OF PRAYER,

By Sir James Melville.

Addressed to Queen Elizabeth, on his presuming to listen privately to her Majesty, while she played on the Virginals: delivered by Lord Hunsdon.

OH! in your gracious goodnesse deigne
To pardon mee, most mighty queene,
Who dared (not to be forgeven)
To heare on erth the songes of Heaven!

I strofe to flye from soche swete sounde,
But nail'd was I unto the grounde;
My feet, entraunced, could not move,
And all my mynde was lost in love.

What punishment your gracious sense
Ordaineth for my rude offence,
Yet be it grate, and life destroye,
It may not equal my *past joye.*

If you would more than cruel be,
Deth must not be devis'd for me;
But take my ears' quick sense away,
When you, grate queene, shall singe and playe.

BALLADE,

By Vere, Earl of Oxford.

WHERE is the mayde that erst was myne,
  Who did with love myne harte begile!
No more on me doeth beauty shine,
  No more I proudly boaste her smile.

The roses of her cheek so bright,
  Her lippe of berries' purple hue,
No more for me may blush delyte;
  To them may Fansie say, adieu.

When I did first her lookes beholde,
  Me seemes 'twas summer in her eye;
Me seemes I mark'd two sunnes of golde,
  Upon her face's smiling skye.

Me seemes that on her roseate cheeke
  I spyed the season of the springe;
And when that she did courteous speke,
  The feather'd minstrels seem'd to singe.

But all is past and gone, I weene:
  From her I meete with icy cold;
I marke no more her eyes bright sheen,
  Nor marke her sunnes of brightest golde.

Sadde is the chaunge sith she's unkynde:
  Now cloudes all mirkie darke my daye;
For Zephyrus blow wynter wyndes,
  And frost hath kill'd the gentle May.

BALLADE.

COULDST thou looke into myne harte,
Thou wouldst see a mansion drear;
Some old haunted tower aparte,
Where the spectre bands appear:
Sighing, gliding, ghostly forms,
'Mid the ruin shook by storms.

Yet my harte, whiche Love doth slighte,
Was a palace passing fair;
Which did hold thyne image bright,
Thee the queen of beauty rare;
Which the laughing Pleasures fill'd,
And fair Fortune's sunne did gild.

When shall my poor harte, alas,
Pleasure's palace be againe?
That, sweete mayde, may come to pass,
When thou ceasest thy disdaine:
For thy smiles, like beams of day,
Banish spectre forms away.

A BALLADE.

THE maid who pants for lover's sighs,
Doth lay for her own peace a snare;
She rues the conquests of her eyes,
And mourns that she was ever fair:

Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
'Too oft the pitcher went to well.'

Where Beauty doth display its rose,
 In tribes the busy swains are found;
And where the richest nect'rine grows,
 The hungry flies will buzz around:

Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
'Too oft the pitcher went to well.'

THE THREAT OF OBERON THE FAIRY.

MAIDENS fair, attend to me:
 Constant to your shepherds be:
If ye break your vows of love,
Ye my rage will sorely prove.

I know all your dreams by night;
Therefore fear, O maids, my spite:
All your secret thoughts I know;
Fear then my sharp anger's blow.

And, O men! I pray, beware;
Do not harm the maidens fair;
Sigh not love, and then betray,
If ye wish my rage away.

By the moon's pure beam I swear,
If I mark a virgin tear,
I will give the shepherd dread,
And will tear him from his bed.

If I hear a shepherd sigh,
Maids, in jeopardy ye lie;
Spoil'd will be the dimple sleek,
Breast of snow, and rosy cheek.

Love our fairy train delights,
While we sport in moony nights;
Eke our elfin king and queene,
As they gambol on the greene.

Love was sent to soften wo,
Sent to bless the world below;
Full of smile, with roses crown'd:
Why should Love then feel a wound?

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

LOUD blowe the wyndes with blustering breath,
And snows fall cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale looke drear;
The torrents foam with headlong roar,
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes, with wishfull eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
Sithe they can boaste no hoarde:
Sharpe in myne house the pilgrims peep,
But Robin will not distance keepe,
So percheth on my boarde.

Now on the cradle doth he hye,
And kenneth down, with connying eye,
Upon my babe below;
And finding comfort in my cote,
He tweedles forth a simple note,
And shakes his wings of snow.

Come in, ye little minstrels swete,
And from your feathers shake the sleete,

And warme your freezing bloode:
No cat shall touch a single plume;
Come in, sweet choir—nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe and doe what pleasaunt seemes,
And be a joyfull throng,
Till Spring may cloath the naked grove;
Then go and build your nests, and love,
And thank me with a song.

TO HER HIGH MAJESTY,

On her vouchsafing to reward her humblest of Servants, Edward Fairfax.

BRIGHT sun of England, nay, a sun,
That hath so bright a cercle run,
And on far realms doth spread a blaze!
The humblest servant of your isle
Doth thank your beauty for the smile
That graceth me with golden rays.

Though homely be my muse's speeche
And poore, your praise can make it rich,
Such is the power of your high name.
What you, greet queen, may deign to praise,
Although a dwarf you to a giant can it raise,
Sith your voice is the voice of Fame.

With a Gyfte of a Glow-worm to the fayre Geraldine, in the Country.

FAYRE Geraldine, behold, I bring
  This elfin imp that gildeth night;
So beauteous was it 'mid the shade,
  So calm, so mild its lonely light,
The insects of the dew-dropp'd fielde
To its pure beame did homage yielde.

When first I didde this worm espye,
Aloude I said, and with a sighe,
'Oh, little imp of night, I see
Semblance of Geraldine in thee.'
Amid the shade as it doth shyne,
So fares it with fayre Geraldine.

This worm beneath the leaf doth hyde,
Desyring not to be espied;
Natheless it yieldeth all so brighte
A jewel to emblazon night:
And thus on this dark worlde do shyne
The wit and charmes of Geraldine.

BALLADE ON THE VIOLET.

SWEETE infant of the fielde, myne eye
  Doth joye thy modest form to meet,
  For thou goode news doth say;
How winter, with his horrid yell,
Hath bid at laste his rude farewell,
  And borne his blasts away.

While Wynter his wilde rule did spread,
Thou couldst not show thy tender head,
But from his rage didst hide;
And golden cup, and primrose pale,
Did peeping tremble in their vale,
And eke the daisie pied.

The surly wight your robes had torne,
And on his wings of tempest borne,
And scatter'd through the skies;
But now the gentle Zephyr's breath
Doth whisper, 'There's no dread of death,'
And bids you fearless rise.

Sweet is thy lot, O little flower!
Like man thou dost not life devour,
Well pleas'd on *dews* to dine—
Of Heaven's pure balm to make thy fayre:
What pity 'tis we cannot share
An innocence like thine.

BALLADE

TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

WHY flyest thou away, with fear?
Trust me, there's nought of danger near,
I have no wicked hooke,
All cover'd with a snaring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood;

For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charme thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy streame, O harmless fish;
And when an angler, for his dish,
Through Gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall *in!*

TO THE LARK.

O LITTLE harbinger of day,
Who welcomest the blushing light!
With glee I list thy cheerful lay,
Sweet recompence for dreary night.

O'er fair Astræa's rosy bow'r,
Go, tuneful sprite, and wave thy wing;
Go, charm Astræa's morning hour,
To *her* thy choicest ditties sing.

For, if thou please that peerless queen,
Thrice lucky were thy little voice;
For when Astræa gladde is seen,
Her smile doth all the *world* rejoice.

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

FOLK be too fond of mounting Fortune's wheel;
And though she humbleth thousands in the muck,
Ambition's flame their brenning bosoms feel,
'*Pardie!* they must crawl up, and try their luck.

But when *aloft*—themselves they scarcely know,
Despisefull squinting on the world below:
But when they tremble, none lament their thrall,
But grin, and point their finger to their fall.

To show that I am now not uttering lies,
I'll tell a little tale in Æsop guise.

THE YOUNG CROWS AND THE YOUNG WRENS.

A Crow upon a lofty tree
Did build her sticky nest;
And younglings did she bring to light,
In number five at least.

One morning, on a summer's day,
Did peep eche youngling crow,
And spied upon a brambling bush
Some youngling wrens below.

These simple wrens in happy glee
Did spread their little wing;
And, lightsome, hopp'd from bush to bush,
And merrily did sing.

'Poor humble creatures,' cry'd the crows,
'Eche is a beggar wight;
Look up to *us*, and see our state,
Our houses lofty hight.

'*We* look into the beamy skies,
While you through hedges wade;
We gaze upon the morning sun,
While *ye* are lost in shade.

'Poor imps, departe, nor here offend;
Take off eche selie face;
This hill was only made for *crows*,
Then do not us disgrace.

'If you do not this region quit,
We'll dung upon you soon.'
The smiling wrens made answer none,
But trill'd their little tune.

Short time had pass'd, when suddenly
Grim Boreas 'gan howl;
The thunder crack'd, the lightning flash'd,
And frighted man and fowl.

While thus the dredefull thunder crack'd,
And lightning broad did flash;
The limb whereon the crows were perch'd
Did give a sudden crash.

Down came the limb, and with it down
Did tumble eche young crow;
Some broke their legs, and some their wings,
And doleful look'd below.

'Twas now the time for wrens to jeer;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, saw with smiles the crows
All sprawling on the plain.

Then taunting an arch wren began:
'Sir Crows, of *high* renowne,
Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
All in a *hurry* down.

'And by the looke of all your limbs,
And feathers sous'd with rain,
It will be some small time before
Your graces mount again.

'Proud fooles, how selie ye descend
From skies to *dirty fens!*
Thank Heaven, with *hedges* we're content,
And happy to be *wrens*.'

TO AUTHORS

That endite on the Passion of Love.

YE who do songs of love endite,
Knoweth not well of that ye write,
Sith ye nere with passion strove;
Go moan, and hide in groves, and sighe,
Adore her name, and wish to dye,
And then ye well may wryte of love.

But ye may answer make, and cry,
'Where is the object for our sigh?
Who is the mayde may make hearts pine?'
Ah, did ye never marke a mayde
That wandereth in Windsor shade,
Then larne—it is fayre Geraldine.

SURRY.

BALLADE.

WHEN Summer's bloome did paynte my cheeke,
I thought of Frendship's tye;
Of Frendship I could onely speke,
Unweting so was I.

But now I fynde this grievous truthe,
That frendship is the dream of *youthe.*

Although I lov'd the fayrest mayde,
My ladye I would yield,
To give a frend a hand of aid,
And be that frend's bold shield.

But now I fynde, &c.

Alas, I mete with no return,
For love I mete with hate;
Instead of smyle myne eyes do mourne
With early tears and late!

But now I fynde, &c.

Frendship's a sunne, I whilom sayd,
That warmeth every harte;
But now that hartes of ice are made,
Which Winter's colds emparte;

But now I fynde, &c.

Frendship, sayd I, a forme doth boast,
A gyant's forme, I ween;
But nowe I see him, a poore ghost,
With pale and dreary mien.

But now I fynde, &c.

Then let no mynstrell, in his song,
  Of Frendship take the parte;
Syth 'tis a vertue of the *tongue*,
  But never of the *harte*.

But now I fynde, &c.

ODES.

TO CYNTHIA IN TOWN.

CYNTHIA, the Dryads are in tears,
  Because thou visit'st not their groves;
The Graces grieve, and Cupid swears,
  And very sullen look the Loves.

The Naiads through the vales declare,
  No rill of theirs shall purl away;
The lark too scorns to mount in air,
  And vows to keep his nest all day.

The sun resolves to hide his head,
  And blot his lustre from the skies;
Yet that were little loss indeed,
  While we possess'd that pair of eyes.

Well then, to *pique* thee, from each lay,
  From all my lines I'll blot thy *name*.
'Aye, do,' I hear thee smiling say,
  'And blot what only gives them *fame*.'

ODE.

The Poet describeth the former and present State of his Wishes.

Tempora mutantur.

COURTIERS are just so many goats—that leap
From rock to rock, upon the cloud-capp'd steep,
That overhangs a sea that foams around;
Slip but a foot! *souse!* down they are, and drown'd:
Yet how folks scramble, one and all,
To mount the ridge, and get a fall!

I own'd I've listen'd to Ambition's tales,
Sigh'd for Life's *mountains,* and disdain'd its *vales;*
My youngling ears most greedy drank her story!
With kings and queens, Lord! how was I in love!
Tried to make wings (alas! I *vainly* strove)
Poor fly! to buzz within their orbs of glory.

Yes, vain were my endeavours all,
And still am I ordain'd to *crawl!*
Although so lofty in my rhime.
Heavens! how my fibres felt the rack,
When Pye obtain'd the royal sack,
And Parsons smooth'd the ode with *chime!*

Thus can't I to the palace go, alack!
All the court crawlers would be on my *back;*
Biting and scratching, nibbling, swarming—
A circumstance, alas! alarming.

There would be Liverpool, I do suppose,
And Cardigan, and Salisb'ry, and Rose,
Making a diabolic rout:
'Off with him—turn the fellow out!'

Cut off from Cæsar and his wife,
I pass of solitude a life;
To Cynthia's beauty tune the willing lyre;
And while I gain *her* lovely smile,
(The sweetest that adorns our isle!)
I feel for courts no more a fierce desire:

So little raptur'd with a *royal mien*,
I would not give *one pin* to kiss a *queen*.

ODE ON THE ANCIENTS.

'ALL has been said—the world has nought to yield:
Alas! there's nothing new beneath the sun:
The ancients with their hooks have reap'd the field;
All that can be imagin'd has been done.
The ancients for the moderns were too stout;
Yes! the deep mine of knowledge is work'd out.'

So cries the world! but who are these that speak?
Men of no *nous*, most wonderfully weak!
If things are *so*, why, what a fate is mine!
Lord help the muse! she never penn'd a line.

Reap the whole field! not *half on't*, I'll be sworn:
They've only taken a few sheaves of corn.
The mine exhausted! Poh! I'll hear no more—
They've only gather'd a few grains of ore.

Appear but Genius, Genius soon will find
New matter to improve and charm mankind;
Teach on the wildest heath the rose to blow:
Genius, the rod of Moses at the rock,
Shall, by a magical and happy stroke,
Bid the rich stream of wit and wisdom flow.

The brains of men, in general, are a *pool*,
Wrapp'd in death-stillness, comfortably dull;
Like motionless poor Lethe, void of spirit.
But now and then (like Milton, for example,
Or Shakespeare, each indeed a beauteous sample),
Into existence pops a wight of merit:

An ocean, lo, his brave ideas rise,
That mounts, and with its thunders shakes the *skies!*

ODE

TO AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

SHALL Virtue feel the cruel blow,
Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
Her soul unheard complain?
Say, will no muse proclaim the wrong?
Why sleeps the thunder of her song,
While Pity mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inspire
Of Love the soft and chaste desire,
And bless the nuptial tie;
With every gentler charm of mind,
Can Fate, to peerless worth unkind,
Condemn thy heart to sigh?

Without a friend, in soothiug strain,
To steal thy bosom from its pain,
I hear thy plaintive voice;
And hear the snakes of Envy hiss,
While, happy at thy vanish'd bliss,
The imps of Hell rejoice.

Yet through the cloud that hides thy head,
By Calumny's foul venom spread,
I mark a golden ray;
Time on his wing (for Justice reigns)
To calm thy life's tempestuous scenes,
'Shall waft the smiles of May.

Hark! to suppress the swelling tear,
A voice prophetic hails thine ear:
'Thy babe shall rule ador'd;
On Britain's throne, to crown her fame,
The shouts of millions shall proclaim
Eliza's reign restor'd.'

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

O GODDESS of the tuneful quire,
Upon my knees I must desire
You'll give your instrument a smart jobation:
Happy am I a band to meet,
To give my ears a pretty treat,
And fill my heart with sweetest animation.

I like an overture, I needs must own—
Of music 'tis a very noble dish:
But here's the devil—while *some* with solemn groan,
Bawl *flesh*, so, *others* are exclaiming *fish*;

Rending with sounds of Babel our poor ears,
Much like the noises of the bulls and bears*.

Proud on his nimbler neighbour to advance,
Like elephants that fain would learn to dance,
The double bass attempts his awkward jigs,
Grunting and snuffling like a sow and pigs.

Ambitious, this most lab'ring bass
Gives to the violincello chase,
Who on the tenor presses like the wind,
Who presses closely on the second fiddle,
Who presses sharply on first tweedle-tweedle,
Who leaps the *bridge*, and leaves them all *behind*.

Alas! are these the *modes* to melt the soul,
Sooth ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry care control?
If *this* be music, let me leave the riot,
And be the *world of quavers* ever quiet!

PETER'S TRIUMPH.

TO THE MUSE.

MUSE, we have finish'd now our odes,
And verily the songs of gods;
But let me tell thee, muse, and much it pains,
That those great traffickers in *words*,
Those high and mighty pompous lords,
The booksellers, will barely give me *grains*!
'*Hogs' wash* is good enough'—they cry:
Thus can I neither roast nor fry.

* At the Stock-Exchange.

'Tis hard that my poor mental mill
Is never suffered to lie still;
  Such, such indeed the avarice of the clan:
Forc'd, ev'ry minute of the hour,
To grind, forsooth, for them the *flour*,
  And feed myself, alas! upon the *bran*.

Hard is their bridle—Lord! with pains I shrink;
  Too hard upon my bleeding jaws they pull!
What shame that they, the lazy imps, should drink
  Claret and Burgundy from my poor skull;
And, with a saucy mortifying sneer,
Bid me be happy upon dead small beer.

I boast *one* consolation, I allow—
  My name will never be forgotten:
When to Posterity I make my bow,
  Those rogues are in oblivion rotten.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD,

Knight of the White Eagle, &c. &c.

Muse, at the sound of Rumford *raise* thy voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon, and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And, pleas'd, the dainty dishclout dance a jig.

EPISTLE

TO

COUNT RUMFORD.

THE bard whose harp immortaliz'd the *louse*,
For which he ne'er received a *single* souse;
Prais'd Madam Schwellenberg in lofty style,
For which he never gain'd a *single* smile;

Prais'd Madam Schwellenberg.]—Though I have here accused this lady of *ingratitude;* perhaps, if her last will and testament were to be *seen,* I might alter my opinion.—*Where is* this will, I wonder?—Why does it not appear at Doctors' Commons? Is it *asham'd to show its face?* What has it done with the pearls and diamonds, presents from the poor persecuted family of the Hastings?—Is it with the tailor in Pimlico, to whom her poor body was sent about an hour or two after the soul had forsaken its tenement!—Should not this will be publicly advertised?—Am I certain that it doth not contain some handsome bequest; at least a *tender* memorial to *me,* who (she very well knew) must lose *much* by her *death?*—Is this an unreasonable conjecture? I know the will has been *read,* and I know *parts* of

Gave to eternity the shaven group,
Yet never saw a ladle-full of soup;
Prais'd thankless lords besides, and knight and
'squire—
Now to a Yankey tunes the willing lyre:
Spite of th' ingratitude of cooks and .....
Strikes to Count Rumford's *tuneful* name the strings,
Who from his fav'rite little Rumford came,
To build on *smoke* his fortune, and his fame.

Muse, at the sound of Rumford *raise* thy voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon, and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps,* and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And, pleas'd, the dainty dishclout dance a jig;
Expressing thus in gratitude their souls
To him whose wisdom saves us *pecks* of coals;
And means (for Pitt's d-mn'd taxes this require)
To teach us soon to roast *without a fire.*

it.—O ye *poor* relations of Madam Schwellenberg, now crawling in piteous plight in obscure holes in Germany, must ye *forfeit* the little pittance bequeathed, if ye *dare* approach Great Britain? Such was a cruel clause of the will!—Had ye *enough to purchase mourning,* O ye poor disappointed relations of Madam Schwellenberg? Perhaps ye might have been *troublesome,* had ye come to England—if so, things are best as they are.

His fav'rite little Rumford.]—*Once* an obscure village, in North America, but fortunately illuminated by the nativity of the Count, who, indeed, drew his first breath there, and afterwards, in quality of a pedagogue, immortalized it by his *abecedarian* powers, teaching little children to read, spell, and write, with the most consummate ability.

Friend to thy fame (and may it last thee long!)
Though G—— and Banks grow jealous of the song;
Howe'er its praise may wound *some* courtly folk,
That song shall thunder to the man of smoke!

Knight of the dishclout, wheresoe'er I walk,
I hear thee, Rumford, all the *kitchen talk:*
Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
Loud echoes Rumford *here,* and Rumford *there!*
Lo, ev'ry parlour, drawing-room I see,
Boasts of thy stoves, and talks of *nought* but *thee.*
Yet, not *alone* my lady and young misses,
The *cooks themselves* could smother thee with kisses!
Yes! Mistress Cook would spoil a goose, or steak,
To twine her greasy arms around thy neck.
Through newspaper, through magazine, review,
Happy mine eyes thy splendid track pursue—
Thy sage opinion in each journal read—
A vein of silver 'midst a load of lead!

High o'er the wond'ring world Vanbutchell tow'rs,
And on the *ruptur'd* mob his trusses pours:—
High mounted Katerfelto and his cat,
Proud of the voice of Fame, in glory sat:—
High o'er the world the mighty Merlin sits,
Though much of gall his jealous mouth emits!
Endeavouring, lo, thy name's bright beam to shade,
The wizard swears that thou hast *stol'n his trade;*
Learn'd from *his* matchless art to conjure up,
From shades below, a *shilling's-worth of soup;*
And m[illegible]n'st on *other tricks* to put thy *pats;*
Plu[illegible]er chair-yelping curs, and squawling cats;
[illegible]ith all their love-songs of sweet execution,
To please and *lull* the Royal Institution.—

Stol'n his trade.]—Indeed Mr. Merlin has *seemingly* just cause of complaint: but as the *minds* of those great men are surprisingly *similar,* why may not a coincidence of thought occasionally take place, and produce *similar discoveries?*

High o'er the world Sir Joseph soars sublime,
The great and fertile subject of my rhime!—
Yet higher *thou* shalt mount, whose angry toe
Kick'd from thy shop the hero of Soho;
And aiming, too, at Garnet's luckless crown,
Didst, with thy *leaden* journal, knock him down:
For *who* with *sage opinion,* dares appear,
While Rumford's mouth of oracles is near?
Behold the elector bowing to his merit!
Bavaria owns his beggar-hunting spirit;
Who, when poor Munich trembled, almost lost,
With god-like ardour pierc'd the Egyptian host,
And seiz'd (which history must ever note)
And seiz'd!—a daring gipsey by the throat;

Kick'd from thy shop.]—Sir J. Banks is *bonâ fide* ousted; and poor Garnet, a most ingenious chemist, was attacked for a difference in opinion.

A gipsey by the throat.]—Here I must beg pardon of my readers for violating history.—The Count slightly says, that at the head of the elector's troops he made but *one* gipsey his prisoner, and that he only *tapped* him on the shoulder.—Such is the Count's *modesty*.—A hero is the last man in the world to speak of his own *exploits;* but let me quote the Count's own words, who, like *Cæsar,* can *write* as well as *fight.*

'New-year's Day,' says the Count in his history, 'having from *time immemorial* been considered in Bavaria as a day peculiarly set apart for giving alms, and the beggars never failing to be *all out* on that occasion; I *chose that moment, as being the most favourable* to my operations. Early in the morning of the *first* of *January,* one thousand seven hundred and ninety, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the three regiments of infantry in garrison were stationed in the different streets, where they were *directed* to *wait for further orders.*

'Having in the mean time assembled at my lodg-

And *gave* him (what such bravery can reward!)
And *gave* him!—to the serjeant of the guard—
For which th' elector deck'd the man of stove,
With *true-blue* ribbons, and the bird of Jove!

ings the field officers and all the chief *magistrates* of the town, I made them acquainted with my intention, to proceed *that very morning* to the *execution* of a plan I had *formed*, for *taking up the* beggars, and asked their *immediate assistance*.

'To show the public that it was not my wish to carry this measure into *execution*, by *military force alone* (which might have rendered the measure odious), but that *I was disposed* to show all *becoming deference* to the civil authority, I begged the magistrates to accompany me, and the field officers of the garrison, in the *execution* of the *first* and most difficult part of the undertaking, that of arresting the beggars. This they most readily consented to, and we *immediately sallied* out into the street, myself accompanied by the chief magistrate of the town, and each of the field officers by an inferior magistrate. We were hardly got into the street, when we were accosted by a beggar, who asked us for alms. I *went up to him*, and laying my hand *gently* on his shoulder, told him, from henceforwards *begging* would not be *permitted* in Munich. I then *delivered* him over to the orderly serjeant; and then turning to the officers and magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would *take notice* that I had myself, with my own hands, arrested the first beggar,' &c. &c. *Vide* the Count's Essays, vol. I. p. 41. third edition.

Such is the Count's elegant and nervous narrative of that glorious day which emancipated Munich from the *tyranny* of the beggars! With the hero of antiquity, the Count Rumford may not only say, *Veni, vidi, vici,* but moreover add, *scripsi,* to increase the catalogue of his *wonders*.

Great Man! whose pow'r inventive daily rakes
Balm from a bog, and dinners from a j—kes!
Great man! whose fertile genius could contrive
To soften rocks, and *flay* the flints *alive*;

Balm from a bog.]—His first and grand object being to complete the sum total of human happiness, by a prudent attention to economy, he shows how from the { *recre* / *excre* } mentitious parts of human food and fuel, as well as from many hitherto shamefully neglected *natural productions*, to derive a wholesome and pleasing and nutritious diet.—There is a filthy old proverb (that I cannot repeat) instructing people how to grow rich;—and which proverb, though treated as ludicrous by our ancestors, will be soon pronounced a serious œconomical maxim. After many laborious days and sleepless nights, the Count has at last succeeded in the detection of that grand *desideratum*, *before* and *since* the days of the great Martinus Scriblerus, viz. the extraction of *sunbeams* from *cucumbers*; so that any gentleman may store up *heat* and *light* for the winter, in the same way *ice* is preserved for the summer. This fortunate discovery (it will be observed) supersedes all his former methods of saving fuel, and consequently precludes all further researches in the *consolidation* of *smoke* and the *conversion* of *soot* into *sea-coal*.

Flay the flints alive, &c.]—With a machine which the Count invented on the Continent, he *flays* flints, and by an *alkali sui generis* converts them into palatable soups and jellies; and he is now carrying on a process for preparing their skins to make purses for such as have money, and tobacco-pouches for such as have none.

The philosophical tinkers and bellows-menders, *whose ideas he has generously* adopted, make kettles, saucepans, frying-pans, salamanders, skillets, stew-

And make (though Envy unbelieving grins)
Pouches and handsome purses of their *skins;*
Nay *more* (but yet, methinks, a *dangerous hint)*
To perfect jelly turn the hardest flint:
For, hence an *inconvenience* may arise—
To this discovery rogues will turn their eyes:
The felons dread, for robbery, murder, rape,
Will *eat* their *various dwellings*, and *escape;*
Taught by thine art of turning *stones* to *jellies*,
Fly with the walls of Newgate in their *bellies*.

Great man! whose tinkers form, from various
metals,
Grillers and broilers, salamanders, kettles!
Steamers and bakers, frying-pans and stewers,
Skillets and saucepans, roasters, toasters, brewers.
Some, blest indeed with such stupendous pow'r,
Shall change old *shoes* to *beef* in half an hour;
And turn, amidst the wonders of the shop,
The *tinker's apron* to a *mutton chop*.

ers, roasters, toasters, &c. &c. of the most astonishing and unheard-of powers; some of these utensils rendering shoe-leather as masticable as beef-steaks, and the toughest horse-hide as tender as the best veal in Leadenhall Market. By a little higher charge of heat, bones, hair, horns, hoof, shells and claws, are reduced to a jelly; and chopped straw, bean-husks, potatoe-skins, &c. are turned into palatable spoon-meat. The extensive use and application of these inventions, especially in the present times of famine, must be obvious to the intelligent.—Already the workmen are so far reconciled to this new *species* of food, that they begin to make themselves comfortable messes of their old aprons and leather breeches. In short, the Count is not without hopes of introducing the animal food of the ancient and modern Scythians, and the more cooling vegetable diet of King Nebuchadnezzar.

Bones, oyster-shells, and hair, and hoofs, and claws,
Shall form, too, jellies for the *nicest* jaws:
Thus shall the *cuckold,* who his *honours* scorns,
Bless his dear wife, and fatten on his *horns!*

Great king of fire, who know'st the pow'rs of meat,
And know'st how necessary 'tis to *eat;*
And yet, not only eat, but eat with *pleasure,*
Without one bit of bolting—quite at *leisure!*
By which slow movement in the mastication,
Millions may soon be sav'd to this poor nation!
What gratitude, what thanks, to thee are due,
Instructing a great empire how to *chew!*
In work-houses, where ignorance abounds,
And all the poor, voracious, feed like hounds,
Sharp *overseers* shall at the table stand,
And give the *word,* with *serjeant-like* command:
Thus will their crackling jaws in concert chime,
And, like a fiddler's elbow, move in *time.*
Oh! if I, too, might cater for the belly,
Old fiddle-strings should make us *vermicelli;*
Cockchaffers, with a very trifling art,
Compose a pie—at least a pretty tart;
Soap-suds to syllabubs and trifles change,
And bullocks' lights and livers to bla'mange;
And sheeps'-dung, without quantities of studying,
Glean'd from the fields, produce a fine plum-pudding.
A wool-stuff'd pin-cushion would make a *puff,*
And tripe start forth from breeches of old buff;
And, with Sir Joseph's leave, with fish might pass
His *fleas,* his *fav'rite fleas,* for *lobster-sauce.*

Oh! if I too, &c.]—The experimental dinners promised by the Count, are expected by the members of the R. I. with great avidity.—Grass broth, flint soup, fricassed leather-breeches, stewed old shoes, &c. &c. will soon be forth-coming, set on the table, too, by automatical waiters, to the vast surprise and instruction of all beholders!!!

But what an insolence in *me* to prate!
Pretend to *him* to open Wisdom's gate,
Who spurns advice, like weeds, where'er it springs,
Disdaining counsel, though it comes from *kings*.
Yet say, why physic from thy house exclude?
On physic, ponder—what a public good!
Hygeia weeps, poor nymph, to be neglected—
Shame on thee! let the fair-one be protected—
Of physic didst thou never own the skill?
Say, did thy *purity* ne'er need a *pill?*
Go, go! harangue the members—goad 'em, goad 'em!
And make them send away for Doctor Brodum;
Or Doctor Meyrsbach, who with sapience sees
A mighty empire fall by *toasted cheese:*
Or doughty Doctor Solomon invite,
Who cuts the *talons* of Disease, the kite,
That hov'ring, threat'ning, spread abroad, prepare
To lug us *goslings* to the *fields of air*.
And why Divinity be banish'd, pray?
Souls are of *some importance*, let me say.
In God's name, send a card to Rowland Hill,
Who to a tittle knows his Maker's will:
The film of darkness banish'd from his eyes,
He kens the darkest secrets of the skies;
Of cherubim and seraphim the host,
As though they wrote the parson ev'ry post.

Disdaining counsel.]—Here I must beg leave to *quarrel* with the Count.—Although a man may, like the Count, possess *extraordinary intellect*, and although a man may be the *best judge* of *himself*, nevertheless it is *indecorous* to treat the opinions of *others* with contempt.—The Count's constant assertion is, 'I never was yet in the wrong—I know *every thing*.' Granting this to be true; the declaration is nevertheless *arrogant and supercilious*.

Yet say, why physic.]—' All discussion relative to religion and medicine will be carefully avoided.' —*Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain*.

Hill knows what Satan *does*, and *means* to do;
Knows all the plottings of th' infernal crew;
The tools, the tortures for a sinful soul;
And what the fire to roast it—*wood* or *coal!*
Oh, while mechanics hold with thee a sway,
And blacksmiths, tinkers, hammer it away—
While such obtain thy smile, a lucky lot,
Let not *ingenious* Aris be forgot!
To shine a *worthy member*, Aris sighs—
Aloft his *excellency* lifts his eyes:
Pitt's bosom friend, O grant him then his pray'r,
Whose *gags* and *hand-cuffs*, wondrous worth declare;
Whose *whips* of thong, to radiant wire allied,
Tickle with neatest touch the human hide.
With rapture have I visited thy house,
And marvell'd at thy vast extent of *nous*,
Thanks to thy care that, 'midst its ample round,
Soup, tea and toast, and coffee, may be found,
And wine, and punch, and porter, fresh'ning draught,
Mending the monstrous *wear* and *tear* of thought.—

Soup, tea and toast, &c.]—' To render the house of the Institution more pleasant and agreeable to such proprietors and subscribers as frequent it, an additional room has lately been set apart for their private and exclusive use:—this has been called the *conversation room*, and is distinguished by an inscription over the door. As conversation in the reading rooms could not fail to interrupt those who read, the managers are confident, that all those who frequent the house will be so sensible of the reasonableness of the regulation, as to abstain from conversation in the reading rooms when any person engaged in reading is present.

' To render the conversation room still more useful and agreeable, it will be furnished with a collection of good maps; and, as soon as some necessary previous arrangement (which are now actually making) shall be finished, those who frequent this

Thus a *new birth* shall Rumford's glory tell,
And from its bowels spring a grand hotel!

Yet 'mid thine house's philosophic glooms,
Since conversation has its *private* rooms,
Extend the thought by love delicious led;
And give of Graham the *celestial bed!*
In would subscriptions like a torrent pour!
Nymphs of *delight* would leave each Cyprian bower—
The bond-street loungers to thy call repair,
And form, like Smithfield, a perpetual fair.
Say, canst thou make (whose brains have not their *fellows*)
Fire blow itself without a pair of bellows?
Soon shall we see a haunch, with equal wit,
Turn round and roast itself without a spit;
Fish without frying-pans come hot and hot,
And dumplings boil themselves without a pot;
Nay more, *Automata* shall rise!—I see
A pin pursue, and pierce the nimble flea;
Now in the bedstead old, or in the rug,
Pluck from its lurking hole the wounded bug:—
Untouch'd, the handkerchief shall wrap the nose;
Untouch'd, the pen-knife cut the corn-clad toes;
Untouch'd, the comb the vermin tribe assail,
And scissars opening clip the finger nail—
The soap unaided the rich suds shall spread,
And razors trimly shave the beard and head:
Formal as Pitt the treasury bench shall rise,
And, bowing, ope the budget for *supplies;*
The church's *desk* put forth its pious pray'rs,
And Lincoln's pulpit preach like Parson Nares.

room will be furnished, at the most reasonable prices, from the housekeeper's room below, with soups of various kinds, tea, coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments.'—*Vide the Count's Journal.*

Preach like Parson Nares.]—A staunch stickling parson for *preferment,* the salvation of souls, and the state.—Newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, re-

Great man! the culinary tactics studying,
Instructing *worlds* to *eat* a hasty pudding—
To thee poor poets shall their offerings bring,
Who roast like *me*, their victuals by a *string*,
All struggling with a laudable intention,
Who best shall praise thee for thy *vast invention*.
And since thy skill (believe me not in joke)
Contriveth *traps* to catch our London smoke;
Soon, very soon, mayst thou proclaim aloud
(Rare news for farmers), *traps* to catch a *cloud*—
Quick on his *pris'ner* Hob will lay his hands,
And tap his watery belly for the lands;

views, ballads, &c. proclaim the merits of our Lincoln's-Inn preacher.—The pulpit itself is a weekly witness of his various enthusiasm—He does not yet deem himself *properly* remunerated—Is there nothing more for the poor gaping priest?

Hasty pudding.]—' The hasty pudding being *spread out equally* on a *plate*, while hot, an excavation is made in the *middle of it*, with a spoon; into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put; and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, or, *more commonly*, molasses. The butter being soon *melted* by the *heat* of the pudding, mixes with the sugar or molasses, and forms a sauce; *which* being *confined* in the excavation made for it, occupies the middle of the plate. The pudding is then *eaten* with—a spoon, each spoonful of it being *dipt* into the sauce, before it is *carried* to the mouth; *care being had, in taking it up*, to *begin* on the outside, or *near* the brim of the plate; and to approach the centre by regular advances, in *order* not to *demolish* too soon the excavation which forms the reservoir for the sauce.

Such are the Count's culinary tactics in regard to the *siege* of a hasty pudding. Nobler generalship perhaps was never exhibited by Marlborough, Turenne, or even Bonaparte himself.

And thus our parsons will be sav'd the *pain*
Of putting Heaven *in mind* to *send down* rain.

O why will Scandal thus let loose her tongue,
And call the voice of Knowledge, Folly's song?
Great are the beauties of *association!*
What charming union, *soup* and *conversation!*
Assisting each the other with delight;
Thus babes are pleas'd their *alphabet* to *bite;*
And thus, without the harmless fraud discerning,
With *gingerbread* the urchins swallow *learning.*—
I know that Envy turns her head away,
And calls the Institution puppet play;
But, ah! in censure people should be *mild;*
Philosophy *herself* was *once a child:*
Yet still those rude sounds stab mine ear's poor drum;
'A *bite—palaver—nonsense, fudge,* a *hum.*'
In vain wits call thee (blasting thy machines)
'A *walking bundle* of old *magazines.*
Believe me, immortality is sure:
Long as thy chimneys shall thy praise endure;
Oblivion ne'er shall swallow Rumford's name:
Aloft ascending, lo, thy *radiant fame,*
With thy own curling clouds of smoke shall rise,
And *sun-like* give them *lustre* on the skies!
I know they mock thee (in their laughter loose)
Because thou sweep'st a chimney with a *goose;*

Sweeps a chimney with a goose.]—The Count certainly lays claim to the invention of sweeping chimneys with a goose, by forcing down the animal alive, with a string about its neck, from the top of the chimney; when the poor creature, by flapping its wings, as it is pulled up and down, sends the soot about its business: but it is really an Irish discovery, used also to extinguish fires in chimneys, by which means the goose becomes roasted at no expense. No bad hint this, for the Count's œconomical system!

I know the world a jealous spirit fosters,
And christens thee the weakest of *impostors;*
'Stead of a war-horse, one of Folly's *hacks*;
The *prince*, the *king*, the *emp'ror* of the *quacks*.'
Sir Joseph of thy journals makes his sport;
Laughs at thy dinners, keeps thee from our court,
Or long, *long* since hadst thou receiv'd commands
To come and *lounge* at levees, and *kiss hands*.
Yes! to eclipse thy blaze, behold him strain,
And rummage the *dark coal-hole* of his *brain*;
But not *one nob* is in it, do not doubt:
All, long ago (believe me) *all* burnt out!
Too plain I see him (jealous of thy name),
Try ev'ry *jockey trick* to *pass* thy fame:
In vain! the fates against the knight combine—
Strive as he list, the glorious race is *thine:*
To snap more snakes, Sir Joseph means, I know,
And swallow alligators in Soho:
More tadpoles down his cable gullet pour,
And frogs, and butterflies a mealy show'r:
From hieroglyphics a *new name* he seeks,
And tastes and pores on Babylonian bricks:

Laughs at thy dinners.]—Take, gentle reader, the Count's own words from his *own Journal*, on the subject of what he calls experimental dinners:—'In order that the proprietors and subscribers may be enabled to judge, from actual experiment, of the merit of any new method of cooking, or of any new dish that may be proposed, a *dining-room* has been built, and will soon be ready for use, at the house of the Institution, in which the managers will occasionally orders *experimental dinners*, to which the proprietors and subscribers will be invited, as far as the accommodation will admit; the expense of such dinners to be defrayed by those who partake of them.'

Still, with his 'squire, the knight in *fancy* sees;
Fame in his blankets—lobsters lodg'd in fleas;
And swearing that in future nought shall foil 'em,
Has order'd honest Jonas to *reboil* 'em.

Unrivall'd Rumford, ere I close my song,
Hear, hear an oracle from Peter's tongue:
Great scholarship with *wisdom* link'd are *rare;*
Yet these unite in thee, I do declare—
For scholars seldom are the most *discerning:*
'Tis true, each Priscian swallows *loads* of learning;
Yet a *poor moth* (that paper idolizer)
Devouring wit, but not a *whit* the *wiser.*
O since, from ev'ry corner of our isle,
Books court thy hand to gain thy gracious smile;
Regard *my* offer, nor the trifle slight;
Receive a poet's *solitary mite;*
A *little* incense to embalm thy shrine;
A life exceedingly resembling *thine;*
The hist'ry of that hero with a *hunch*—
The *laughable,* th' *immortal* Mister Punch.

Still with his 'squire.]—Honest Jonas Dryander, the *sine quo non* of Sir Joseph.

THE
ISLAND OF INNOCENCE;
A POETICAL EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND.

Yes, on thy simple isle, in Fancy's eye,
Envying I often look, and often sigh;
In fancy rove thy small domain by day,
And, pleas'd, with thee in nightly visions stray.

THE

ISLAND OF INNOCENCE;

A Poetical Epistle to a Friend.

TO thee, my friend, amid that peaceful Isle,
Where bounteous Nature blooms with sweetest smile;
Where never Winter, on his northern blast,
Howls on the hill, and lays the valley waste;

To thee, my friend.]—A gentleman whom the author of this poem met by the merest accident, on a small island situated, near the Gulf of Mexico.—His companions were his wife, a most lovely woman, and four beautiful children, whose history would form an interesting romance:—persecuted by their parents for a mutual love attachment, they forsook their native country (America), to seek some distant asylum. On their voyage they were wrecked; but fortunately escaped with their lives, and preserved their property. Finding the little island on which they were thrown, to be in possession of a few inhabitants of the most perfect simplicity of manners, and the most lively friendship; pleased also with the salubrity as well as beauty and fertility of the spot,

O'er a pale sun, the cloud of horror throws,
And buries Nature in his vast of snows;
Ah, no! where endless Summer, ever gay,
Opes a pure ether to the orb of day;
That gilds the tree, and flower, and grassy blade,
And works his threads of gold in ev'ry glade;
To thee, my friend, where shrubs of incense rise,
And pour their grateful fragrance to the skies;
Where rills, in wanton mazes, wind away,
Diffusing health and plenty, as they play;
Where the rich treasures of the pine reside,
And orange-branches bend with golden pride;
Where from the boughs of odour, mingled notes
Of rapture warble from a thousand throats;
And blest, from vale to vale the cooing dove
Wings with his mate, and teaches man to love;
To thee, I yield the Muse's artless line,
And envy all the blessings that are thine.

Yes, on thy simple isle, in fancy's eye,
Envying I often look, and often sigh;
In fancy rove thy small domain by day,
And, pleas'd, with thee in nightly visions stray;
Behold thee happy at thy wonted toil,
And mark the blossoms of a fruitful soil:
While at thy side thy Julia plants the ground,
With all her little progeny around;
Who study shrubs and flow'rs with eager eyes,
And learn of *simple* Nature to be *wise*.

Pleas'd to explore the insect world, they rove,
Tribes of the flood, and minstrels of the grove;
With all the varying species of the field,
Whose forms and lives delight, and wisdom yield;

they adopted the resolution of passing their days in this remote corner of the globe; convinced that the most perfect happiness resides oftener in simplicity than splendour. Their opinion soon became realized: fond of the innocent natives, and equally beloved again, the delightful little republic flourished under their auspices, and restored the golden age.

Display the page of Providence's plan,
That shows his wondrous works to wond'ring man.

No wish is theirs (forbid it Heav'n!) to hurt,
To wound, and murder a poor wretch in sport;
To lift the tube of death, with hostile eye,
And dash a fluttering victim from his sky;
To bait with writhing worms the barb'rous hook,
And drag the finny nation from their brook:
Justly forbid the cruelty to know,
And gather pleasure from the pangs of woe!

Blest on their boughs, the squirrel tribes they see,
And call the hungry urchins from their tree,
Who, fearless, hast'ning at the kind command,
Fly to their food, and court th' extended hand;
Now scud in playful gambols o'er the plain,
And, fully feasted, seek their groves again.
And now they beckon to the feather'd throng;
Forth fly, in flocks, the little bands of song;
They hop, and chirp and flutter round each head,
Pleas'd to be call'd, and anxious to be fed.
At length content, they flicker to their spray,
Adjust their plumes, and pour the thankful lay.

Now, happy, to the stream they haste to feed,
With liberal hand, the little finny breed:
Fearless of danger, lo, the sportive fry,
Mount to the water's brim with watchful eye,
And leaping oft as urging hunger calls,
Meet the dropp'd crumb, and catch it ere it falls.
Such are the blisses of thy girls and boys,
And such the blisses innocence enjoys.

Oh, when will Britons list to reason's voice,
And, chang'd, no more in cruelty rejoice?
How nobler thus t' address the harmless hare:
'Child of the field, O come beneath my care;
Safe in thy lonely slumber pass the day,
Along the moonlight hills in safety stray;
No dog is mine, nor engine that destroys;
Peace to thy loves, and all thy nightly joys:

When Heav'n's kind bounty made those valleys *mine*,
Heav'n made the freedom of those valleys '*thine*.'
How nobler to the winter's bird to say,
'Poor stranger, welcome from thy stormy way,
Drop in my groves, enjoy the tepid springs,
And lodg'd in peace, repose thy wearied wings;
The food and shelter of my valleys share:
Like *me*, a child of Providence's care.'
How nobler to the finny tribe to say,
'Yours be the rills that 'midst my pastures stray;
Enjoy your sports, enjoy the sunny beam;
Health form your food, and wholesome keep your stream;
Torn be the net, and broken be the hook,
That wanton carry *death* into your brook;
The Pow'r who gave to mortals ev'ry good,
Forgets not *yours*, his infants of the flood.'
Humanity, how few thy merits see!
How scarce the altars that are rais'd to *thee!*
Nymph of the tender heart; and melting eye,
Vain o'er the savage Million is the sigh!
O could thy gentle spirit more impart
Of softness, sweetness to the human heart!
But lo, by cruel Nature led astray,
The *ruder* passions rule with boisterous sway;
Drown'd is thy voice—a zephyr's sigh—no more!
The murm'ring rill 'midst ocean's mighty roar!
On plumes of down, my friend, *thy* moments fly,
Peace in thy heart, and pleasure in thine eye?
Thy cot, though humble, all the virtues there,
Forbid an entrance to a sigh or tear.

Yes! oft in fancy's eye thy cot I view
Enwrapp'd with vines and flow'rs of vivid hue;
The pebbled avenue, the murm'ring spring,
Crowded with fearless birds of various wing,
That sportive flutter, pouring happy lay,
A mingled minstrelsy the live-long day;

The Winter's bird.]—The Woodcock.

And oft, on fancy's ear, thy Julia's lute,
Whose melting sounds the soul of pity suit,
Complaining die; and oft I hear again
A loud, a happy, cheerful, grateful strain,
Join'd by a little offspring's throats that raise
The song of wonder in their Maker's praise.
Sweet is the humble pray'r that Heav'n implores!
Divine the voice of mortal that adores!
In fancy, too, I see, beneath thy care,
The simple natives at thy stories stare
Of street and churches, palaces and tow'rs,
And busy million that through London pours;
And animals that stately, stout, and strong,
Drag to a rout a golden house along;
Alas! with many a wondrous sight beside,
Begot by luxury, and nurs'd by pride.
Yet fond of these our *wonders* should they sigh,
And cast to Britain's scenes a wishful eye;
O give the hist'ry of our horrid deeds;
Proclaim how love laments, and friendship bleeds!
How virtue pines, how merit hides the head,
And pity steals to tombs, to mourn the dead:
Paint all the horrors of domestic strife,
And give the gilded snares of polish'd life;
Tell tales of Fortune, at whose tinsel shrine,
Fools daily kneel, and for her favour pine;
Who, when she yields, means only to beguile—
Fate in her hand, and ruin in her smile.

O paint our dungeons, where, with putrid breath,
The wretch, desponding, pants, and sighs for death:
Paint the poor felon, doom'd, ah! doom'd to die,
Wan the pale cheek, and horror-struck the eye;
With languid limbs that droop to earth in pain,
Press'd, loaded, lab'ring with a clanking chain;
While, on the stillness of the midnight air,
Sad moans the voice of Mis'ry and Despair:
Paint all the horrors of the midnight shade,
Theft's iron crow, and Murder's reeking blade.

Paint the poor objects that we hourly meet,
The wrecks of beauty crowding ev'ry street;
Daughters of Innocence, ere Demon Art
Won on the weakness of too soft a heart;
And doom'd to infamy the tender kiss,
Due to pure love alone and wedded bliss.
Paint courts, whose sorceries, too seducing bind,
In chains, in shameful slavish chains, the mind;
Courts, where unblushing Flatt'ry finds the way,
And casts a cloud o'er Truth's eternal ray.
And quote the sage, who courts had serv'd and known:—
'O Crassus, let me fly, and live alone:
Though much I love thee, let our commerce end,
Nor from his solitude recall thy friend.
Thanks to the gods, my servile hours are o'er,
And, oh, let Mem'ry mention courts no more!'

Behold the courtier—there the eye surveys
A willow crawling to each form with ease:
But mark the man in rigid virtue bred,
An oak! in majesty he lifts the head;
Asserts his freedom, base control defies,
And tow'ring hides his branches in the skies.
Friend of my heart, nor let thy sail unfold,
To court Peru, with all her hills of gold;
Nor court her sister Mexico, whose ore,
Possess'd by demons, *curses* ev'ry shore!
The splendid mischief usher'd to thy vale,
What but a *plague* that taints with death the gale?
Too soon the imp would blast the sacred scene,
And damn of innocence the cherub reign!
Fame, Justice, own th' omnipotence of gold;
Nay, blushing modesty herself is sold.
Alas! one virtue more illumes the mind:
Then all its envied wealth illumines Ind.

And quote the sage.]—A philosopher named Alexander, the friend of Crassus.

Own'd be my folly—yes (seduc'd my eye)
I saw the golden mountains with a *sigh*;
Saw with delight the fatal mischief shine,
And envied ev'n the *slave* that dug the mine.
How like the foolish insect of the night,
That leaves his cell, to seize the taper's light!
Pleas'd and unconscious of the treach'rous rays,
He hugs his fate, and dies amid the *blaze*.

From thine, how diff'rent is my lot!—Alas!
In calms of sunshine while thy moments pass,
Mine, 'midst the murky clouds that life deform,
Unequal rush, and mingle with the storm.
Fir'd with the love of rhime, and, let me say,
Of virtue too, I pour'd the moral lay;
Much like Saint Paul (who solemnly protests
He battled hard at Ephesus with *beasts)*,
I've fought with lions, monkeys, bulls, and bears,
And got half Noah's ark about my ears:
Nay *worse!* (which all the courts of justice know)
Fought with the *brutes* of Paternoster-Row.

How like the foolish insect.]—My readers will quickly perceive that this allusion is not new, though differently applied.

THE

MIDDLESEX ELECTION;

OR,

POETICAL EPISTLES,

In the Devonshire Dialect,

BY MR. JOSEPH BUDGE, IN LONDON,

TO

LORD ROLLE, AT WEYMOUTH.

Voakes talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
And Sheridan, and make me sweat,
To hear their lees—I doubt mun—
Zome cry mun up az thoff divine;
And if they do in manners shine,
I wish they'd carr't about mun.

A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

THOU must know, O most courteous reader, that Mr. Joseph Budge is not a *fictitious* name, a mere creation of the fertile brain of me, Peter Pindar, Esquire; but the actual name, real name of a man and a hero, who was the actual 'squire and' attendant, and Mentor of my great countryman, Lord Rolle, and who fought with him in his Irish campaigns, and partook of the various skirmishes and battles that now illuminate the pages of history, and immortalize the present reign. Mr. Budge, ambitious of cutting a figure on Parnassus as well as in the field, and resolving to give his great patron a specimen of his great historico-poetical abilities, found a subject in the Middlesex Election.

Joseph being, therefore, on the spot, and an eye-witness of the scene, felt a divine impulse; and, like the Mantuan Bard, exclaimed, '*Paulo majora canamus;* and became the historian of a most important event.—The letters were written at the once much-frequented house of a worthy peruke-maker in

Wyche-street, and sent to his lordship at Weymouth, enjoying the smiles of his sovereign, as well as the inspiring and salutary fragrance of sea-weed and mud. In respect to the execution, Mr. Joseph Budge seems to possess a genius very much like that of Mr. John Ploughshare, of Morton Hamstead, in Devonshire, who a few years since wrote a poem of extraordinary merit and celebrity:—the same provincial expression—the same spirit—the same happy vein of humour—the same mode of thinking, would induce us to imagine that they must be the inspirations of the *same* genius.—*Ovo prognatus eodem.*

P. P.

MR. JOSEPH BUDGE

TO

MY LORD ROLLE.

CONTENTS TO LETTER I.

A Lick at the City of London—the Cleanliness of the Londoners compared with Mr. Budge's Acquaintance in the Country, who admit Pigs and Poultry into their Parlours.—The Population of London described by a stinking *Comparison.—Observation on the* Ladies *of London, with a* wicked *Suggestion of Mr. Budge.—Mr. Budge imitateth Virgil in his fourth Eclogue to a Mister Pollio, who exclaimeth,* 'Paulo majora canamus.'*—Mr. Budge hinteth at the Middlesex Election—professeth to write the Truth, and nothing but the Truth.—He complimenteth his Lordship on his* great *Connexions at Weymouth, and Powers of exciting* royal *Risibility.—Mr. Budge entereth on the Subject of the Election—defieth Sir Francis Burdett, and maketh sure of Conquest—exulteth over Sir Francis, with a Quo-*

tation from the Devil to a Crab—abuseth Sir Francis in rather an indelicate Comparison—applaudeth Mainwaring for close Adherence to magistratial *Duty, and his Excellency Governor Aris.—A bold Attack on Sir Francis—the Popularity of Mainwaring at the Alehouses—the Licentiousness and unparalleled Impudence of Sir Francis's Mob before the Palace Gate.—Mr. Budge's heroic Resolution—he vows to cudgel Sir Francis, and fight any of his Friends.—Mr. Budge boasteth—praiseth Mainwaring's Speech in* part, *but not in* toto.—*Mr. Budge quitteth the Subject of the Election for a Conversation with our ex-minister, Pitt.—Mr. Pitt's melancholy Answer to Mr. Budge's kind Inquiry.—Mr. Budge's fine original Comparison between the* Court *Game of Put, and the* Country *Game of Put.—Mr. Budge commendeth Lord Rolle for adhering to Mr. Pitt, as he was the Author of his Lordship's unexpected Elevation.*

LETTER I.

AND now, my lord, I've zot me down
 To write vrom theese perdigious town,
 Vill'd with more *sin* than *grace;*
Learge az Jerusalem, I'm tould,
Aye, or az Babylon of ould,
 Zo wonderzom the place.

Ex'ter's a fool to't, let me zay,
And zo is Plimmoth ev'ry day—
 The howzes high and big;
And in the parlours, too, zo neat,
Where all the gentry munch their met,
 I've never zeed a *pig*.

No, nor a hin*, making a rout,
With chicken rennin in and out,
 Hunting about the room;
Nor goose-checks, no, nor gabbling ducks,
Flapping their wings all wet and mucks.
 And quaakin vor a crume.

Pig.]—In many of the farm-houses and villages, pigs and poultry are generally parlour-boarders.

* Hen.

Things be quite diff'rent here, my lord,
They be, they be, upon my word—
  Fine clath upon the vloors;
Fine chairs, fine pectures 'pon the wall;
Fine glasses in the sarvants'-hall,
  Brass locks upon the doors.

O Lord, my lord, I'm in a maze,
I do so look about and glaze,
  Just leek a stinking hare;
And than the vokes!—Lord, what a heap!
Thick as the meggots 'pon a sheep—
  I'm always in a fair.

And than the ladies, zuch a rout,
Walking and gigling zo about,
  All in their silks and lace;
And though zo fine, they make me stap,
Geeing my shoulder a small rap,
  And zmiling in my face.

But meend, my lord, that I've be tould
Thoose gentry may be bort and zold
  Leek bullocks or leek sheep;
And thoff zo handzom, vor small pins,
One now and then mert* buy their skins—
  How wonderzomly cheap!

But now, my lord, vor gerter things,
Vor now I'll screw my fiddle-strings,
  Forsooth, a leet* *bit higher:*
The vokes nere thoft that Middlesex
Would rear its head the curt to vex—
  But the fat is in the vire.

And now, my lord, you may believe
I shaant be laughin in my sleeve,
  And telling packs o' lees;
And yet, zo zur az I can spy,
From London people's mouths they fly
  In swarms, like swarms of bees.

* might. † little.

Therevore, whatever I shall write,
No soul shall zay it is not right—
  They shaant zay no zich thing;
And if I tell the truth, and zo,
I'll gee ye leave, my lord, to show
  My letter to the king.

Vor well I know that ev'ry day
You've zomething clever to'n to zay,
  You be so wondrous frisky;
Vor when at Ex'ter, if you meend,
You often teel'd un all an eend
  To laugh leek any pisky.

Well now, my lord, than to begin,
The curt voke wodn't gee a pin
  T'ensure their man, Mainwaring;
When (who'd a thort it?) *fath and soul,
Out leap'd Sir Francis vrom his hole,
  And zot us all a staring.

But never meend, we baant afeard;
Vor, sir, az zur as I've a heard,
  We all shall ha our wish;
Burdett wull zoon look dev'lish blue,
And zo we shaant much meend the crew,
  No more than stinking vish.

When at Ex'ter.]—When his majesty did the city of Exeter the honour of a visit, Mr. Jan Rolle (afterwards his *lordship*) endeavoured to crack a few jokes in the royal presence, to display to the people his familiarity with crowned heads: one was most *unsuccessful*, as it carried stronger marks of *impudence* than *wit*; for, on introducing a country clergyman at the levee, 'An please your medgesty,' cried the 'squire, 'Passon ——, a very good subject, and, leek your medgesty, hath *made* a howzevull o' cheldren.'

Teel'd un all an eend.]—To place in a state of much expectation.

* A small oath.

But still to make shor o' the game,
The curt hunth out the blind and lame,
  And mainly stir their stumps;
Zo that I think the game is shor,
If Fortune is n't a d——d old wh——
  As we have got the *trumps*.

Burdett waant do, my lord, he waant;
He can't succeed—he can't, he can't:
  He conquer *us*, the scab!
He, that ne'er renn'd a race before;
'Yes, you're a *racer*, to be sure,'
  Cried the Devil to the crab.

Mainwaring is a clever justice—
In *he*, Lord, ev'ry body's trust is—
  Burdett's a ratten meddler;
Volks shud tern round and zee their backs
And meend old proverbs—*Little packs*
  Become a little pedlar.

He zaid he did not care a lowze
About his setting in the Howze;
  But that, my lord's, a hum:
Zee how he beggth and stirth his zell—
A fellow must love bacon well,
  To kiss the old sow's b—m.

Burdett shud cast accounts at Coote's—
The counting-howze his genius soots,
  And there he may be saving;
There he may sheen, and be a king;
A *handsaw* is a useful thing,
  But never made for *shaving*.

Mainwaring is a clever man,
Doth ev'ry bit o' good he can,
  Az ev'ry one believes;
Attendth the office very duly,
Never takth bribes—behaving truly,
  And hangth a power o' thieves.

And then a hath a power o' spies,
To zee that no rebellion rise,
And markth down all black sheep;
And thoose he dooth suspect, he zens
To Aris, to vill up his pens,
And there in clover sleep.

They've got the sheriffs, whose damn'd droats
Approve their own poor ratten votes,
While ours they dare deny-all;
Cunning anew there—to secure ye,
A fox should not be of the jury
Upon a goose's trial.

And should Sir Francis git the day,
Lord! what will all the country zay?
Why, that it gitt'th a rogue—
Burdett and Middlesex agree!
Agosh! a marriage it will be,
Between a cat and dog.

Look to the public howzes all:
I've beed into mun gert and small,
Drink'd beer from ev'ry tap;
Mainwaring's health went always round,
With zich a noble clattering sound,
With zich a glorious clap!

Think o' their impudence, his crew—
They zet up zich a hallebulloo,
Close by the palace doors!
Just like a pack o' lyons roar'd,
They did, the dogs—they did, my lord,
The saucy sons of wh——.

I wish that I'd a beed the king,
I'd a made jobbernowls to *ring*,
And cool'd mun var ther bras;
The maids of honour should a got
In ev'ry hand a chumber pot,
And wash'd mun all leek shags.

Vokes said it was a burnin shame,
Disgrace, too, to the English name,
  To zet up zich a howl;
The *soldiers* shud a help'd the crown,
And shet mun just like sparrows down,
  And sent mun to the Dowl.

Zome zay ther gang have sense and larnin:
Why then, it is, to my disarnin,
  Good wine in filty flasks;
Or, if you please, my lord, good beer,
Zich as you brew in Devonsheer,
  Put into stinking casks.

I'll do my best to make mun zick:
I daant know that my oaken stick,
  Wull do *much* execution;
But zich as 'tis, they're welcome to't,
And with my oaken stick to boot,
  Good-will and *resolution.*

Agosh! I long to try a bout
With zom o' Burdett's rabble rout;
  I'd quickly pug their guts:
I'd gee mun zich a lammin* lick,
I'd make mun of elections zick;
  I'd gee mun all the butts.

If courage wull but win the day,
By gosh, my lord, I'll nack away;
  I'll zoon be in their beef;
Now if I could Sir Francis meet,
All by his zelf, and in the street,
  Dam un I'd whap† the thief.

On e'er a one o' mun, agosh,
A pack o' saucy trumpery trosh,
  That stiddy nort but treason—
On zich rare fellows let *me* looze,
Zoon as I'd kill a duck or gooze,
  I'd sliver ev'ry weasen.

* violent. † beat.

I'll answer I'd nack down my zell;
Iss, to the ground, I'd waage, I'd fell,
A dezzin to my share:
When I'm put to 't, Dowl take my skin!
Life is not worth a grammar's pin—
I'm mad az a march hare.

And that Burdett may vend perchaunce:
I think that we shall make un daunce,
Or hugely I'm mistaken;
Agosh! az I zee metters go,
And perty well I simm to know,
The rogues waant save their bacon.

Mainwaring made a perty speech,
As vur's my judgment well could reach;
And what he cou'd, he dood;
He made poor work o'Cold-bath howze—
The trap that wishth to catch a mowze,
Shud never smell of *blood*.

My lord, I giss you wish to hear
What vokes pallaver here and there,
All about 'Squire's Pitt's disgrace:
Ah, Lord! poor disappointed fellow,
I daant believe he gitt'th zo mellow,
Not zince he lost his place.

I zeed'n in Saint James's street:
Close by his howze, we chanc'd to meet:
'Ah! Budge,' zaid he to *me*,
'How doth Lord Rolle do, by the bye?—'
'Hearty's a farmer, sir,' zaid I—
And how be you, sir—hæ?'

'Why, Budge,' zaid he (but looking blue),
'Thank God, that I be well enew,
Considerin ev'ry thing:'
He zaid it too in zich a way,
As plain as thoff I heard un zay,
'Oh, Budge, I've lost the king.

You know, my lord, when in wet weather
You and me play'd at put together,
The *king* would win the *knave;*
The queen, you know, cou'd do zo too—
Slam off a went, without more ado:
Nort could his bacon save.

But, Lord! in curts 'tis alter'd quite:
Ev'n *I*, with my poor blinking sight,
Zee quite a diff'rent thing—
Vur there, agosh! 'tis not the same;
For there they *backwards* play the game,
And *knaves* can win a *king*.

I speak not in 'Squire Pitt's despraise,
Because you simm'd to leeke his ways,
Though by zum vokes abhorr'd—
You, to be shore, wan't let'n down,
Who did so worry the poor crown
To dub ye a gert lord.

For hadn't it beed for Mister Pitt,
I daant think *we* had got the wit
To get the pretty feather.
And let me zay t'ye, fath and soul,
You still had beed but poor '*Squire* Rolle,
Nether one thing nor tether—

That is, my lord, nothing at all,
Nor high, nor low, nor gert, nor small;
In short, what vokes call *fudge*.
And now, my lord, by the next post,
I'll write if things be winn'd or lost—
Your sarvant, Joseph Budge.

CONTENTS TO LETTER II.

Mr. Budge proudly triumpheth in the Prospect of Success—is inclined to curse *Sir Francis and his Party—is jealous of Mr. Fox, Lord William Russel, and Sheridan—describeth the Cavalcade—he is witty on the Virtues of the Patriots.—Mr. Budge is violent towards the Ladies that wished well to the Cause of Sir Francis.—Very ungallant is Mr. Budge indeed—he enumerateth the Duties of Women.—Mr. Budge commenceth an Attack on the charming Duchesses that employed their Interest for Sir Francis—draweth a Comparison between the Duchesses and a great Lady and a great Man.—He giveth an Account of an odd Fellow that came every Day, in a Lawyer's Dress, before the Hustings, and harangued the Counsellors of Mainwaring, viz. Sylvester and Maddox, and Mr. Mainwaring the worthy Candidate* himself.—— *Mr. Budge greatly hurt at the Exhibition of Irons, Whips, &c. the* insignia *of his Excellency Governor Aris, of the Cold-bath-fields Gaol, commonly called the Bastille—he wisheth this Bastille the Fate of his great Brother and Predecessor of France.—Mr. Budge displeased at his Treatment by the*

Mob.—The Aperture of Mr. Budge's loyal Mouth unfortunately filled with a Cabbage-stump—treated in a most ungentlemanly *Manner—hustled—robbed.—He reproveth the Mob.—Mr. Budge's Conversation with one of the Mob, more* consequential *than* edifying.—*Mr. Budge concludeth in a Strain of Exultation and Defiance, with less* Sublimity *than Isaiah on the Downfall of the King of Babylon, but with equal* Rage *and* Abuse.

LETTER II.

THINGS go on zwimmingly, my lord:
  Dree hundred votes a head we've scor'd—
  Dree hundred! aye, and more.
Had I ten thousand pounds, d'ye zee,
I wuddn't one brass vurdin gee,
  To make th' election shore.

To help a lame dog, there's that Fox,
And there's Lord William, with a p—x,
  And Sheridan the Devil—
Aye, let mun go—but poor Burdett
Wull vend to's cost, that zich a set
  Wull gee his *corn* the *wevil*.

They ride to Brentford to harangue—
Lord! how I lang to shet* the gang,
  They make me look dam zour;
With gert good will vor theese black job,
I'd take my wetch out o' my fob,
  And cuss mun by *the hour*.

In coaches vull as they could stuff,
Damn mun, off zot the blue and buff,
  Parading droo the Strand;
Zich holding up of derty paws,
Zich waving hats, and *zich* huzzas,
  Enough to stun the land!

* Shoot.

With mizzick, too, G-d d—n their bones,
Crowds, horns, and organs, with their groans,
Zich as we hear in church;
Now, had they ax'd me vor a tune,
Well had Iss* vitted mun, and zoon,
I'd gid mun the *Rogue's March.*

Amongst the derty, lowzy crew,
There's zich a touse and hallibulloo,
Enew to stun ould Nick;
With zich a mob, too, to their tails,
Peek'd, I suppose, vrom all the jails,
Leek meggots all zo thick.

Vokes talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
And Sheridan, and make us sweat
To hear their lees†—I doubt mun—
Zome cry mun up as thoff divine;
And if they do in manners shine,
I wish they'd carr't about, mun.

Peepel should *practise* what they know;
Or where's the use of it, I trow?
No, no, I'm not the fool
To think that they have much to *spare;*
Vor he that goeth vor *manners* there,
Goeth to a *goat* vor *wooll.*

The women, too, the bissy jades!
Zome o' mun *gentlevokes*, zome *trades*,
Push vore their polls from windors,
And toss their hankitchers about:
I wish I had the rabble rout
One minute in my grinders.

I'd gee the devils *zich* a squeeze,
I'd make mun look zo small as meeze‡,
Well chow'd by our ould cat.
Iss, iss, I'd gee mun zich a grip,
I'd bang mun well, had I a whip,
I'll warrant mun vor *that.*

* I. † Lies. ‡ Mice.

Iss, iss, I'd make the madams squall,
I'd lerrick* mun—iss, one and all—
I'd pent their pretty skins.
What bissens† have *they* to rant and stare,
And hoist their nackens‡ in the air,
And show their nasty grins?

What bissens ha wimmen wey election,
That shou'd be always in subjection,
And know we be their lords?
Zwunds, let mun meend their howze and stitching,
And net be vor election itching—
We want none o' their words.

Their bissens is to *wash* and *mend*,
And car and vetch, and husbands tend,
Make puddins, pies, and tarts;
Zee that their maidens meend their broom,
To zweep the spiders, cleanse the room,
And wash the shefts and sharts.

The ditchesses be mainly blam'd;
Vokes zay they mert be all asham'd
To trollop with the men.
My lord, vor sartinty I know
Thoose ditchesses must never show
The nose at curt agen.

If well they wud their zels demean,
Let mun take pattern from the ——,
That jewel o' a oman;
Zo good, zo generous to the nation;
Zo kind to ev'ry poor relation;
A thing zo main uncommon.

In Windsor when there was zich bustle
About a member, zich a tussel,
Did *she* go round to vokes,
And zay, 'If you daant vote for Powny,
Meend, not a vurdin of my money
Shall go to you vor smocks?

* Beat. † Business. ‡ Handkerchiefs.

Did *she* run round her *zell*, and maids,
To shopkeepers and wother trades,
And moil and make a fuss?
Zay to the mercer, 'Maister Inkle,'
And to the vishman, 'Maister Wrinkle,
'You geef your vote vor us.

'We be great peeples, Maister Inkle;
We be rish peeples, Maister Wrinkle,
And haf a goote long puss;
An dan we haf grete pow'r, mine Gote!
Now dink 'pon diss, an give your vote,
Vid out more vords, vor us.'

Or did vokes hear zich zounds az thoose,
'Must vote, must vote, mustn't refuse:
No, no—hæ, hæ—no, no,
Won't buy—won't buy a broom or mop—
Hæ, hæ, won't recommend your shop—
My borough—must, must be so.

'My borough this, hæ, hæ, Tape, Tape,
Shan't come and buy my coat a cape,
Shan't purchase at your shop—
Must vote for Powny—must, must vote,
Or mind I never buy a coat,
No, no, man—not one slop.'

My lord, you tould me in your laast,
You wish'd to know 'bout all that past.
My lord now you shall hear:
A fellow, but we daant know *who*,
Belonging to the wother crew,
Com'd vore, and talk'd dam queer;

Com'd vore the hustins ev'ry day,
And leek a lawyer talk'd away,
In a lawyer's wig and gown;
Made our poor counsel cursed zick,
Tich'd Counsellor Maddox to the quick,
And nack'd Sylvester down.

Zay'd to Mainwaring zich hard things,
Zwear'd that he was a tool o' kings,
  And kiss'd the tail o' Pitt;
That az vor glory, or disgrace,
Az long as he could hold his *place*,
  He did not care a nit.

That az vor Englishmen he thort,
'Twas best their commons should be short,
  A gang of saucy knaves;
That geeves, and whips, and little met,
Wud manners (what they wanted) get,
  Full good enew vor *slaves*.'

The varmint* had got wit at will,
And gid the lawyers *zich* a pill,
  Though a wasn't worth a shilling;
I must zay this, I vow to G-d,
A was zo commical a toad,
  He zot us all a grilling.

Maddox stood buff, and stood it out,
Though soundly pull'd, fath, by the snout
  He veel'd zom ugly blows:
But poor Sylvester, he, poor soul,
Just leek a mowze, sneak'd to his hole,
  And never show'd his nose.

I wish your lordship had be there,
To zee the saucy dog, and hear
  Zome lees, and zome things true;
His wit was leek a two-edged sword,
And I do really think, my lord,
  He was a match vor *you*.

My lord, it nearly tern'd my brains,
To zee the vetters, whips, and chains,
  They carr'd about the town;
Sound of *Bastille* mak'th menny quiver,
And petrifieth their very liver—
  I wish the place was down.

* Vermin.

Vor why?—becaze 'tis *zich* a *name*,
I shud not grieve to zeet in flame.
I'm cruelly afeer'd
The chains wull do the cause no good:
They push'd mun nearly as they coud
Up to Mainwaring's beard.

My lord, I daant leek Lendon ways:
Vor hap'ning 'mongst the mob to praise
Mainwaring—zounds, at once,
One scoundrel gid my tail a kick,
Anether, with a slammin stick,
Com'd souse upon my *sconce*.

'Tis true my pate was roundly maul'd:
I open'd than my mouth and bawl'd
Mainwaring and his cause;
Bevore I clos'd my mouth again,
A rascal ramm'd, with mert and main,
A colestump in my jaws.

And than they hustled me about,
Drode me along, the rabble rout,
And what was worse—odd chuck it!
Zoon as I got up vrom the ground,
Where I lied sprawling, Lord! I vound
The dogs had peek'd my pucket.

My puckethankitcher and gloves
I neatly lost between their shoves—
Confound mun with a p-x!
A corkscrew and a penny bun,
And, ah! the worst of all the fun,
My poor old backy-box.

'You ought to be asham'd,' zaid I,
To one o' mun that stude close by,
'To sarve one zich a trick.
'Wud Ex'ter vokes ha sarv'd one zo?'
Quoth I to'n—'no, they wud'n—no—
They'd zooner zee Old Nick.

Zo then they laugh'd—'pon which, quoth I,
'I'll tell my lord of this by'n by,
And zend ye all to jail.'
Quoth one, and winking with his eye,
'What lord dost mean?'—'Lord Rolle,' zaid I;
'He'll make ye drap your tail.'

'Lord Rolle,' quoth he, 'may come and kiss
'My'—'what?' quoth I.—Quoth he, 'Why *this*,'
And then he tack'd his rump.
Zaid I, 'I'll tel'n o't, be ashor'd;
Dam me if I daant tell my lord,
And *he* shall make thee jump.'

Zo zays the rogue, 'With all my soul,
And give my sarvice to Lord Rolle—
I've heerd a deal about'n.'
Zaid I, '*No harm*, ye dog, dost zee.'
'No, nor no *good*, by G-d,' zaid he.
Lord! how I lang'd to *clout'n!*

But let mun bluster it away,
Let the poor jackasses all bray,
Their bacon waant be saa'd;
Their poverty is plain anew,
The devils wull zoon ha all the crew:
Bald pates be quickly shav'd.

Stap, stap a leet, and we shall zee
Who will the lords and measters be—
They'll ha no cause to laugh;
There wull be bellowing enow,
Egosh! exactly leek a cow,
Just parted vrom her calf.

POSSKREP.

WULL ye be pleas'd, my lord, to go,
Jest run to G—— L——, or zo,
You know 'tis but a stap;
And ax the sarvants, they can tell,
If any old cloaths they've got to zel,
Becaze I've got a chap.

Or candle-eends, or zome zich thing,
Belonging to the —— or ——,
Wud vet a perty penny.
Pray trat away, and ax my lord,
And be zo kind to zend me word,
My lord, if there be enny.

I'm told old gowns, zome good, zome bad,
And cheap too, may zometimes be had,
Smocks, hankitchers, and shoes;
And wother sorts of ladies geer,
Little the worse, I'm told, vor wear,
That vokes may peek and chuse.

Pray go, and try your hand, my lord:
Ax lady ——, and zend me word,
Vor all I zay is true;
I want zome finery for my dame;
Zo that, my lord, I'll do the same
Vor Lady Rolle and you.

And could I get a king's old wig,
Lord! I shud look zo fine and big,
The parish wud zo stare!
And, as the man's upon the spot,
Ax Curnel Gwyn if he hath got
Zome babby-cloaths to spare.

I think I have no more to zay,
But that my dame and I both pray
  Vor yours and madam's soul;
And hopes (if we may crack a joke)
That Ex'ter and the Devonshire voke
  May never want a *Roll*.

CONTENTS TO LETTER III.

Mister Budge seemeth in a most terrible Funk about the Election—prognosticateth woefully.—Mister Budge talketh mercifully *of his Excellency Governor Aris—repeateth a short and pithy Speech of the* Mob *to the Soldiers that guarded Governor Aris's Castle, also the* loyal *and* brave *Reply of the Soldiers to the Mob, proving themselves to be a* Sort *of State-machines.—Mr. Budge painteth the Abhorrence of the People to Governor Aris's Dwelling and Jail, and his Mode of* Treating *his Prisoners.—Mister Budge very impartially summeth up the Matter, and subscribeth to the Punishment of Governor Aris, provided his Guilt can be fully established—the same Impartiality likewise in respect to Mr. Pitt, the great* Friend *and* Patron *of Governor Aris.—Mister Budge breaketh out into Strains of Pity.—Mister Budge most naturally professeth a Scepticism, that is to say,* doubts, *concerning the Cruelty of Governor Aris.—Mister Budge most heroically supporteth Mister Mainwaring, and, with his poetical Cat-'o-nine-tails, belaboureth the Backs of*

his Calumniators—he triumpheth in his own Discernment, and becometh positively vain-glorious.—Mister Budge descanteth sensibly on the Fallibility of Rumour, and the sad Consequence of believing every idle Report—bringing in Kings and Bishops, and the Lord knows who.—Mister Budge talketh of Scandal—not even the most virtuous, the most meek, the most humble, the most œconomical Lady of the Land, free from the Aspersions of Scandal.—Mister Budge counselleth Sir Francis, and concludeth most epigrammatically.

LETTER III.

O LORD! my lord! Lord, what d'ye think?
Our cause, I fear, beginn'th to stink,
But God Allmerty knows;
'Tis thort by menny that Burdett
Will gee the justice a d—mn'd sweat,
And zend'n to the crows.

Zome zay Burdett wull git the field—
The mob vor'n all be mad and weeld,
They doat upon'n zo;
Because he mounth the stage, and rails,
Forsooth, against bastilles and jails,
And wanth to lye mun low:

And nack up Aris, if they can,
Zome zay a very honest man,
That keep'th a sharp look out;
That watch'th his pris'ners leek a hawk,
And dothn't care a fig vor voke—
All very right, no doubt.

'Tis zaid his gaolbirds all complain,
And daant admire his whip and chain,
Nor hole as black as soot;
But Aris swearth they may be damn'd,
Into the hole they shall be ramm'd,
If he think'th rert to do't. o

Mob wanth to tear un all to rags,
And pent '*No bastille*' 'pon their flags,
And just leek tigers growl;
And want to gee the jailbird dogs
The vlesh of cows, and calves, and hogs,
And dainty vish and vowl.

And than they to the zoldiers zaid,
'O ye gert fools!—Oh! what a head,
To guard theese place—vor *who?*
Why if ye dare speak out your meend,
In a veew minutes ye wull vend,
The place was bilt for *you.*'

But 'twudn't do:' the zoldiers zed,
'That by their trade they got their bread,
And liv'd upon the land.'
And than they answered very well,
'That if they were zent off vor Hell,
They must obey command.'

And yet the people cuss bastille;
Zomthing about that place they veel,
That gall'th and mak'th mun shiver;
In short, my lord, they hate the name,
And wish it, vrom their souls, in flame,
And damn the poor man's liver.

Aris, the governor they call'n,
Their itching vingers itch to maul'n,
They zay he is zo cruel;
Stuff'th pris'ners in a vile old hole,
Cramm'th men together, cheek by jowl,
And geeth mun water-gruel:

Flogg'th mun az t'were zo menny dogs,
Call'th mun zich names, az though t'were hogs;
And this he doth vor sport.
Now this is what the people zay;
It maant be true, and yet it may:
Then let the knave be cort.

Than let un veel what wothers veel,
In theese most horrible bastille,
And drink as wothers drink;
And eat the *trade* that wothers eat,
And sweat in holes as wothers sweat,
And stink as wothers stink.

If Aris be that cruel dog,
E'en let'n suffer vor a rogue,
A potcrook let'n veel:
I'd gee'n of whip his belly vull,
I'd make un bellow leek a bull,
And sken un leek an eel.

And if 'Squire Pitt upholdth us in it,
I'd run and tear away, theese minute,
His howze about his ears:
I grieve to think on the poor souls
That groan amidst their dirty holes,
And wash mun with their tears.

But I daan't take it in my head
To credit ev'ry thing that's zed—
No, no, all is not Gospel;
People tell hummers ev'ry hour,
Vor which, if I had got the pow'r,
I'd cool mun in a hoss pool.

Maister Mainwaring's much abuz'd,
Most greeviously for things accus'd,
By all the dowlish pack;
E'en let mun all their poison spit,
My lord, there is no wooll zo whit,
That a dyer caan't make *black*.

They try to make the world believe,
He glorieth in a whip and geeve,
And things that can torment;
And when that Aris is attack'd,
He's always by Mainwaring back'd,
And so scap'th punishment.

I know who's who, and *what* vokes be;
I baan't yet lost the pow'r to zee,
  No more than that o' veeling;
I never make a gooze a swan—
A thief may be a gentleman
  That git'th estates by stealing.

I can distinguish straw vrom hay,
Can tell a cuckoo from a jay,
  A peacock vrom a starling;
Dogs vrom a pig that's in the looze,
A Christian vrom a pack o' Jews,
  A yaffer* vrom a yarling.

I baan't so maz'd to put belief
In ev'ry dirty, lying thief—
  It mak'th my hair to *bristle.*
Zom peeple gee themselves gert airs,
Zay ev'ry thing bezides their pray'rs,
  And thoose, agosh! they *whistle.*

If one believ'd in ev'ry thing,
God bless his majesty, the ——,
  He'd look a little *blue;*
If zich be martyrs to a *hum,*
Lord! then, my lord, what wud become
  Of zich as *me* and *you?*

And than how wud our bishops stand,
And half the parsons of the land?
  Scandal's a fine keen blade;
He meet'th with zomething ev'ry day,
And mainly cut'th and hack'th away,
  And simm'th to know his trade.

That vartuous lady, our good ——,
Zo *humble,* and so *neat* and *clean,*
  Caan't even 'scape the mucks;
The world wull always zomething zay,
To take a body's name away—
  Oddrat their lying chucks!

* Heifer.

But zee ! with all their leeing art,
They dare not vall upon her *heart*,
But vall upon her *nose ;*
About her handkitchers and stuff,
And aprons vull of dirty snuff,
And how her nose she blows.

And than they talk of *poor relations*,
And tell zich lees, Lord ! nations, nations,
O Lord ! iss—lees galore*—
Lees that a body almost *veels*,
Making one's hair stand up leek queels
Upon a hadgy-bore.

Let Burdett meend his countin-howze,
And know his zelf to be a mowze,
Or zoon he'll be a ballet ;
Let'n be humble, zuck his paws—
A disell†, by an ass's jaws'
Is thoft a pretty sallet.

Charles Fox and he may notes compare ;
What one wull zay the tether'l zware,
And zo they stand haranguing ;
And try to blend us all, d'ye zee ;
Iss, iss, leek *bells* they all agree.
Want nothing now but *hanging*.

* In abundance. † Thistle.

CONTENTS TO LETTER IV.

Great Doubts and discouraging Presentiment in the Mind of Mister Budge, who seemeth not to like the Posture of Affairs—he is hurt and offended at a Kind of Triumph among some of Sir Francis's Party.—Mister Budge comforteth himself with Similes *drawn from Cock-fighting and Hunting.—Mister Budge meeteth his Lordship's good Friend Pitt, of whom he giveth a most melancholy Account.— No Nod from the ——, no Curtsy from the ——, and the Avenues of St. James's shut.—Mister Pitt not in* total *Despondence. — Mister Budge seeth Mister Pitt in a broad Stare on St. James's Clock, and St. James's Palace.—Mister Budge's deep Reflections on the Mutability of Fortune, with a beautiful and original Comparison.—Mister Budge more than* suspected *Mister Pitt's boasted Patriotism and Disinterestedness, from the Circumstance of oppressing the Nation with Pensions for his* Tools, *and Wives and Mothers of his* Tools, *at the Time of his Dismissal.—Mister Budge exhibiteth a splendid Account of Mister Pitt's Table—he concludeth wittily.*

LETTER IV.

MY lord, I daant leek things to-day:
Things look dam quare, as I may zay;
Zomething is in the wind—
Zome ambuscade—zome mine, I fear,
To whisk us all into the air,
Az vár az I can vind.

Odswinge! my lord, we weer long jaws,
We simm to hold out tiger claws,
Without the pow'r of *pinching*,
Our foes, the refugees of jails,
I'm much afeard, wull clip our nails:
Our corps, my lord, simm'th flinching.

The dowl, the dirty rogues confound!
They simm more bould—simm gettin ground;
Zich impudence they show!
'We be cock-sure,' the knaves all zay—
'Iss, iss, cock-sure to git the day;'
And zo they peertly crow.

But let mun crow and flap their wings,
We must not simm to meend thoose things—
Battles baant got by *crowing;*
Foxes and hares baant catch'd by *noise*,
By huntin-horns, and yowlin boys,
By *hollowing* and *blowing*.

So let us put our trust in God,
And hope that he hath got a rod,
A handsome one, in pickle;
To warm their pretty little sides;
To please their nice and tender hides,
And gee a pretty *tickle.*

My lord, I've zeed 'Squire Pitt again;
He shak'd his head, and simm'd in pain
'Bout Mainwaring's election;
He shrink'th his shulders, wish'th un well;
But vur az I can zee and tell,
Caan't gee un much protection.

Vor Pitt his zell, I vend, my lord,
Caan't git vrom *one* gert man a word,
You know who 'tis I mean—
No, nor a syllable, I'm tould,
No, truly, not for love nor gold,
Vrom his old friend the q——.

Agosh! Saint James's doors be barr'd,
And that, you'll zay, is cruel hard:
But Pitt is still in hopes;
Stoutly resolv'th to risk his all,
To storm the fortress—mount the wall
By ladders or by ropes.

I zee un both by day and night:
A look'th a mallancholy sprite;
Zo zad, zo woe-begone!
He had most damnably been *dish'd,*
And zo *must* look confounded *wish'd,*
When all is zaid and done.

Zome days I zee un go an airing,
And in the streat I've zeed un staring
Against Saint James's clock;
And when the yard I zee un spy,
'Ah, Lord! zome people's tails,' zaid I,
'Have had a dow'lish *dock.'*

He, that was once so gert, thoft I,
That cock'd his nose zo mainly high,
Zo gert in all the *shows**;
And now chopvallin tern'd out o' place;
Among the gold and silver lace,
A daan't put in his nose.

But to my zell I zaid agen,
'It is the common case of men—
Now *up aloft*, now *down;*
Leek boys and girls a laughing rout,
In flying coaches tern'd about,
In fair and market-town.'

And yet, my lord, I cannot zay
Pitt travell'd with clean hands away;
Vor when at last he vound
That all his cunning wudn't do,
And that a must be forc'd to go,
And coudn't keep his ground:

What did a do?—Why bad enough—
All that his *tribe* could carry off,
Ecod, away they carr'd it—
Lord Grenville and his mumping wife,
The Lord knows what they did for life—
Most lovingly they shar'd it.

Agosh, my lord, t'was leek the French:
When they be kick'd out o' the trench,
And forc'd, the dogs, to *run*;
They catch up ev'ry thing they ken,
Daan't leave a duck, nor cock, nor hen—
All goeth az shore's a gun.
Zo that the conqu'rors, when they cum,
Caan't vend a drap o' gin nor rum,
No, nor a rend o' cheese;
All that they leave behend, agosh,
Is nort but mucks, and rags, and trosh,
Bezides the *rats* and *meeze*.

* Levees and drawing-rooms.

And then one Canning, a poor boy,
Took from a school to his employ,
  Once thoft a huge deep thinker—
He, like a very duteous son,
Got nice tid bits for Mother Hun,
  And brother Tom the tinker;

And zister Peg, and zister Joan,
With scarce a flannel *dicky* on,
  As vur as I can larn;
Broken-down actresses, they zay,
That in the country us'd to play
  For herrings in a barn.

Now though this curious young man got
A hundred thousand with Miss Scott,
  (Egad! a fortune thumping)
Behold! a hadn't got the heart
To give *his* family a peart,
  Zo zent mun out a *mumping*.

I caan't zay that I leeke the plan,
That ev'ry lab'ring sarvin man
  Shud sweat to nurse *their prides*;
But zome (or there be lying tongues)
Can very coolly cut large thongs
  Vrom *other* people's hides.

My lord, zince Mister Pitt's disgrace,
I often knack in at Park Place,
  (A liv'th at number vive);
And there I talk with Will and Tom,
About things past, and things to come,
  And zee'fth they be *alive*.

Vor though they zay the man is poor,
I zee no signs of that, I'm sure;
  There's meet for man and mowze.
But where he get'th it I caan't tell,
But fath I leeke his kitchen's smell—
  He keep'th a roaring howze.

Sarvants in lace zo fine and big,
And ev'ry one as fat's a pig—
And why?—vor ev'ry minute
Out com'th a bottle and a jug,
In com'th a choice and foaming mug,
And ev'ry nose was in it.

While he, poor man! I'm bould to think,
Hath nearly now drink'd up his drink,
He may thank his own self vort't;
If any body might *suppose*,
And take a guiss from his red nose,
His veins all run with port.

You know, my lord, that people zay,
How ev'ry dog hath got his day—
Now Mister Pitt's was *fine*;
And you've had *yours*, leek all gert men:
And now, my lord, I wonder when
That I shall look 'pon *mine*.

POSTKREP.

I've just knack'd in at Mister Pitt's—
The sarvants half out o' their wits,
Zich running in and out!
Poor man, he mak'th most cruel groans—
Sir Walter try'th to ease his bones,
And call'th it *flying gout*.

I daan't know what a mean'th by *flying*:
I think the gentleman is dying,
Now that's my sense of things:
A flying gout—well! zo it may—
And zoon I think will fly away
With Pitt upon his wings.

Excuse the liberties I take,
And observations that I make—
  God know'th, I'm no great judge.
Having no more to zay or write,
I wish your lordship a good night,
  And rest your sarvant, Budge.

CONTENTS TO LETTER V.

A wonderful and unexpected peripetia *in the Election Drama, by the Means of the Millers in Ambuscade.—Mister Budge seemeth full of Lamentation—his Friends put on sad Faces—comforteth himself with the Hopes of* future *Success.—Mister Budge desponds—wisheth to have a pitched Battle with some of Burdett's Party; but, on Recollection, deemeth it not prudent to exhibit his Prowess, giving an Irish Reason, rather unfavourable to the heroic Character of Lord Rolle and* himself.—*Mister Budge disliketh the Triumphs of Sir Francis, and also the honourable Circumstance of being drawn in his Coach by the Mobility—he entertaineth Hopes from the* Virtue *of a* select Committee. —*Mister Budge telleth a very good Story of Farmer Tab, which seemeth to be* known *by many People* out *of Trade as well as* in *Trade.—Farmer Tab's Story endeth, and Mister Budge concludeth.*

LETTER V.

GOOD Gosh! my lord, prepare to hear
Zomething that waant much please, I *vear*;
A two-and-forty pounder!
Zounds! we have nort but loosing tacks;
We now be humbled 'pon our backs—
Lord! Lord! as vlat's a vlounder!

When all simm'd quiet, neat and snug,
Safe as a vlea within his rug,
Afear'd of no vlea-killers—
Up vrom their ambush where they *lied*,
And rushing like a main spring tide,
Up leap'd a pack of millers!

To tell your lordship of our looks,
It is not in the pow'r of *books!*
Now, what then shall I say?
Why, fath we look'd as whit as witches,
At all those dourty sons of b—ches—
'Twas horror and dismay.

Sir Francis laugh'd—Mainwaring star'd,
And thoff a justice, curs'd and swear'd,
And zed it could not be;
And all Mainwaring's friends about,
They kick'd and made the damdest rout,
Zo down in the mouth was he.

'Twas sartingly a cunning trick,
And zo our cock hath had a nick;
Iss, iss, we've lost the main—
His droat is cut, and there he lieth;
He must give up the ghost—he dieth,
He'll ne'er git up again.

It is in vain to curse and zwear;
Az Frenchmen zay—'*fortin a guere*'—
'Tis nonsense to be subbing;
And though they now have got the battle,
Hereafter we may meet the *cattle*,
And gee the dogs a drubbing.

My lord, I lang'd to try a bout
With zum o' Burdett's rabble rout—
I'd zoon a pugg'd their guts;
And gid mun menny a lammin lick,
And made mun of elections zick;
I'd gid mun all the *butts*.

And *it*, 'tis best as 'tis, perhaps;
We mert a catch'd zum arterclaps,
And be well drash'd vor sterrin;
Iss, iss, I mert a goad to pot,
And got less credit than we got
In Ireland by the berrin.

You meend, my lord, the famous day,
When vrom the corpse we runn'd away,
Afear'd the French wud skin us;
Dreaving nor looking once behind,
Coosing leeke greyhounds and the wind,
Az though the devil was in us.

Well, now again for th' old affair—
We be zo mad az we can stare,
Leek curs we drap our tails;
While Burdett's rogues in triumph run,
And whoop, and hollow—make zich *fun*—
Zo proud they hoist their sails.

And leek gert fools, the rabble rout
Took from the coach the hosses out,
To drag Burdett along—
Had I beed coachman, I'd a drash'd mun
Leek jackasses, I'd zo a lash'd mun,
And wear'd out menny a thong.

The mob waan't leave bevore they're hang'd,
They want most hugely to be bang'd,
They caan't leave their vagaries;
Near Cold-bath-fields they lerk about,
To try to git the jailbirds out,
And flay alive poor Aris.

We talk of scrutinies, my lord;
The curt th' expenses wull aford,
And zom vokes in the city:
We *yet* may zend mun all to hell,
If we contrive to manidge well,
And chuse a *good committee.*

I'm tould, and I believe 'tis true,
There is not in Burdett's whole crew
Dree honest men among mun;
Though carrin, negers, mangy curs,
Oh! how I lang to comb their furs!
Oh, d—n it! how I'd thong mun!

They shud ha zom veow honest men,
At least 'bout one or two in ten;
But, zounds! they've none at all—
And if we sarch the crew all round,
Lord, Lord! what iz there to be vound,
Examine gert and small?

With your good leave, I'll zet bevore ye,
My lord, a midget of a *story*
Of Farmer Tab, my neighbour—
Zays Farmer Tab, one day, to me,
'When I begun the world,' zays he,
'I was oblig'd to labour.'

And zo zays Farmer Tab, zays he,
'I thort that I wud honest be,
And never wrong a soul—
Ah! Lord, I quickly went to pot—
Iss, by my honesty zoon got
Into a dirty hole.

'Now, what shall I do now? quoth I—
A bit o' *roguery* let me try—
And zo I tern'd a rogue;
And got a mint o' money zoon,
Could lie abed, agosh, till noon—
A charming lazy dog.

'But Lord, Lord, Lord, it was not long,
Poor bird, bevore I chang'd my zong;
God! I was forc'd to tridge
Vor writing 'pon a piece o' paper:
I really thort that I shud *caper*,
When brought bevore the jidge.

'But by God's marcy, and a bribe,
Deliver'd to a sartin tribe,
I sav'd my neck a rope.
Well, what, quoth I, shall I do now?
What method take to speed the plough?
Ah! Lord, I'm out o' hope.

'Not *honesty* nor *roguery* do,
Says I, Lord, looking wondrous blue—
And then I scratch'd my pate;
And fath, scratch'd in a pretty thought,
That grist to mill abundance brought,
And made a good estate.

'And zo upon a scheme I fix'd:
Roguery and honesty well mix'd
May do, says I, the feat;
And zo at once to work I went,
And mix'd mun to my heart's content,
Half honesty, half cheat.

'And now, thank God, I turn a penny,
Live creditable too as enny,
By mixin mun together—
By this, Jo, thee and thy old wife
May laugh at all the storms of life,
And ha good sunsheen weather.'

Zo end'th the tale of Farmer Tab:
But Burdett and his crew, the scab,
Treat honesty az *nort*—
And thoff they've prosper'd theeze one time,
I hope that vor zom other crime
The devils wull all be *cort*.

CONTENTS TO LETTER VI.

Mister Budge having finished his History of the Middlesex Election giveth a History of his Visit at Mr. Pitt's House, in Park Place; where a very curious Conversation taketh place between Mister Budge and the Servants, that showeth what wonderful Liberties Servants *take with their Masters, behind their Backs.*

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